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Senator Knox on the New Federalism

Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, delivered last week two notable addresses directly bearing upon what The Outlook has defined as the New Federalism. At Kalamazoo, Michigan, he entitled his subject "The People, the Railroads, and the National Authority." At Pittsburgh his address was on "The Future of Commerce" in its relation to the Federal Government. These two speeches cover the entire field of the transportation of the materials and products of industry in the United States; for at Kalamazoo Mr. Knox formulated his theory of Federal control of railways, and at Pittsburgh his theory of Federal development and control of canals and natural waterways. The speeches ought to be widely read for two reasons: first, on account of the unique public position of their author, and, second, on account of their intrinsic ability and interest. Senator Knox is justly classed among the great corporation lawyers of the United States. He is thoroughly familiar with the history and the claims, both reasonable and unreasonable, of what are known as vested rights. As Attorney-General of the United States, he prosecuted with all the skill and vigor which he had previously given to the practice of corporation law, the cases of the Government against lawbreaking corporations. When he was made Senator of the State of Pennsylvania, it was alleged by some that it was a move of the special and privileged interests to get rid of a legal opponent whom they feared; and he has been frequently mentioned by opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as a possible "safe and conservative" candidate for the Presidency, who, if elected, would not show great sympathy with the movement to subject railways and other inter-State common carriers to rigorous Federal supervision. His Kalamazoo and Pittsburgh speeches confirm the opinion of The Outlook, expressed last July, that Senator Knox is a believer both in the philosophy and the practice of the New Federalism. Few public addresses that we have seen have more clearly and more convincingly expounded this philosophy and presented the facts of this practice.

Railways and the New Federalism

The railways, says Senator Knox, were originally created by the States, and the individual States insisted upon controlling them without regard to the rights or interests of other States. In the earlier days of railways the highest courts sustained this principle of States' rights in transportation, and so sacredly was this idea fixed in the popular mind that the second Congress of the United States disclaimed any authority to provide for the carrying of mail between the States by lines of stagecoaches, on the ground that this would interfere with the rights of the States. "The extent of the confusion growing out of this condition of affairs can scarcely be realized in this age of continuous and unbroken routes of travel and transportation. Passengers had to change cars at State lines, and goods had to be reshipped. The privilege of going into, out of, or through States was taxed, and the right to do so was held not to conflict with the power of Congress over inter-State commerce." Senator Knox tells an almost incredible story of the Camden and Amboy Railroad of New Jersey, which had an exclusive monopoly to carry passengers and freight between Philadelphia and New York. When, during the Civil War, the Government was compelled by the amount of traffic to use another railway in addition to the Camden and Amboy road, the latter brought suit in New Jersey and "compelled the company which served the Government to pay to it every cent which it had received for this transportation." This intolerable condition of State monopolies, which existed throughout the country, led to the enactment of a law by Congress to give "to every railroad in the United States the unhampered right to carry persons and property from one State to another." Thus, in 1866, the doctrine of Federal control of inter-State transportation was established. No sane railway manager would go back to the conditions of inter-State confusion in railway affairs that prevailed previous to that date. Thus, tracing the history of the relation of railways to the law, Senator Knox showed that railways, having been at first "the wards and beneficiaries of the Federal Government," expanded so enormously in power and wealth under generous Governmental protection that "it began gradually to dawn upon the American people that they were living substantially under railroad domination so far as their business interests were concerned." He commends the present Administration for the specific legislative acts which are practical steps towards the relief of the people from this domination. These acts as defined by Senator Knox are: "A practical and effective law to punish the persons receiving rebates, as well as those paying them; a law to empower the Federal Courts to issue injunctions at the suit of the Attorney-General of the United States to prevent rebates; a law making it unlawful to transport traffic, by carriers subject to the act to regulate commerce, at any rate less than such carriers' published rate; a law to enable the Government to get at all the facts bearing upon the organization and practices of concerns engaged in inter-State and foreign commerce; and a law to secure speedy decisions of cases under the anti-trust and inter-State commerce laws." This is the best brief answer that has been made to those critics of the Administration who ask what Mr. Roosevelt has practically accomplished in his agitation of public opinion. Senator Knox asserts that the work of the Administration along the lines of this New Federalism has "been neither 'sporadic' nor 'spectacular.'" It has been treated as a whole, and each part sustains its proper relation to each other part. "It would be difficult to overstate the enormous value of this legislation to the public." Moreover, in the future development of railways in the United States, which is to be far greater than it has been in the past, investors will be protected as they never have been before in their purchase of the billions of securities which will be issued, not in accordance with the private decision or the whim of the promoter, but under public Government supervision.

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Waterways and the New Federalism

"An amazing incongruity!" In his Pittsburgh address Senator Knox thus characterized the expenditure of three hundred million dollars, perhaps five hundred millions, in digging the Panama Canal, and yet the denial to our harbors of two or three score millions to enable them to enjoy the full benefit of the Canal. Do we wish, he asked, while spending an enormous sum outside the United States, to withhold that which would at once secure to the Canal the vast traffic of the Mississippi Basin? Mr. Knox argued that a Federal system of waterway development will provide something more than cheap water transportation for general commerce; it will help us to secure a full return from the great investment on the Isthmus. To realize this end, he declared, we should, in the first place, set about the systematic and comprehensive improvement of all our ports and waterways that are or can be made tributary to the Canal, in order, if possible, to complete this improvement with the completion of the Canal. Again, all the rivers of the Mississippi Basin should be improved to the highest standard of economic utility permitted by their physical and commercial character. Finally, the Lake region should be given access to this basin and thus to the Isthmian Canal and the Pacific by modern and adequate canals joining Lake Michigan to the Upper Mississippi and Lake Erie to the Upper Ohio. Such a National system as Senator

Knox advocates might cost in the neighborhood of five hundred millions. But suppose the amount increased because of contingent enlargement to seven hundred and fifty millions. Interest and sinking fund charges of four per cent, as Mr. Knox pointed out, would make the annual cost thirty million dollars. Mr. Knox believes that this annual cost to the people of the United States would be more than made up by the increase in the wealth-producing population and the growth of profitable commerce directly traceable to the facilities afforded by a unified and modern waterway system. Nor should the railways oppose such a system. "European experience has established the law that with waterways carrying the slow and heavy freights which most congest the railways and on which their net return is the most narrow, the growth of industry and population more than compensates them in the growth of their high-class freight, express, mail, and passenger traffic." It will thus be seen that Senator Knox believes in railways and waterways which shall be not owned, but fostered and regulated, by the Federal Government for the common benefit of the passengers, the shippers, the managers, and the investors. This is what we call the New Federalism as applied to the great National industry of transportation.

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A Campaign of Slander

From this time on readers of American newspapers may expect to see the usual flood of political slanders against prominent candidates. The devil's motto, "All is fair in war," appears to be accepted by a considerable proportion of party leaders and partisan newspapers. Just now Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are most prominently before the public, and as slander, like death, loves a shining mark, they are the worst-slandered men in the country. As the campaign goes on, and others become equally prominent, they will probably become equally marks for poisoned arrows. Preposterous charges, if they are sufficiently frequently repeated, come in time to be believed, or at least half-believed, which is almost as effective. No one who is acquainted with either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft supposes that either of them has been using Federal patronage to secure the latter's nomination. But this accusation has been so persistently reiterated with such calm assurance that at last Mr. Roosevelt has been moved to give it explicit denial. In a letter to Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, he says:

> Not an appointment has been made that would not have been made if there had been no Presidential contest impending, and in no case has there been a deviation from the course that I would have pursued had none of those who actually are candidates for the nomination been candidates; nor has a single officeholder been removed or threatened with removal or coerced in any way to secure his support for any Presidential candidate. In fact, the only coercion that I have attempted to exercise was to forbid the officeholders from pushing my own renomination.

The only instances under these general charges which have been given to the press Mr. Roosevelt takes up in detail and refutes. The only case which, after his letter, there has been any attempt to reaffirm is that of a postmaster appointed in Ohio, and Senator Foraker's speech in the Senate does not constitute even a specious support of the charge in this case, since it can be gathered even from his speech that the man appointed was a supporter of Senator Foraker and an opponent of Secretary Taft. A President cannot be acquainted with the personnel of the whole country, and he naturally looks to the Senators and Representatives for counsel in selecting appointees in those districts where he has no personal acquaintance with the existing conditions. This would be wholesome and right, but gradually Senators and Representatives have come to claim the right first to be consulted as to appointments, next to dictate what the appointments shall be. The Constitution of the United States provides that appointments shall be made by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The practice has grown up of making appointments by the Representatives and Senators with the consent but not with the advice of the President. We are inclined to think that the time has come for a vigorous fight against this Congressional assumption of appointing power. It is, however, measurably certain that any President who should open an attack upon this assumption would find himself engaged in the bitterest kind of a political campaign. The politicians would be all against him. The Outlook is inclined to believe that the vast majority of the people would give him their support.

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Wise Political Advice Mr. Taft, in his Kansas speech, gives wise counsel to his party respecting the management of the approaching Presidential campaign. He says:

> By reason of circumstances I need not detail, the influence of the Republican party has been little felt south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is true that in Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri the Republican party has been often in the majority, but in the other Southern States a contest has seemed hopeless. The time has come, in my judgment, when it is the duty of our party to make an earnest effort to win to our support the many Southerners who think with us on every living National issue and have only been kept from our ranks by the ghost of the past.

Our only criticism of this utterance is the implication that the time for a Republican campaign in the South has only just now come. In our judgment, the Republican party managers have been woefully derelict in their duty ever since the close of President Hayes's administration in 1881. That administration left the Southern States open to a consideration of Republican policies. It is true that there has been since that time no Presidential election when there was any hope of carrying a State south of the border States for the Republican party, but there has also been no Presidential election in which there have not been Republicans in those Southern States who would have been glad to see the States carried by the Republican party and for Republican policies. Because they were in a hopeless minority and because the Republican party and Republican policies were identified in the popular mind with the Reconstruction policy, they have not ventured to offer any vigorous advocacy of their party or even give any vigorous expression to their political faith, and the National leaders have left them unsupported and alone. There are many protectionists in the South, but the party which advocates protection is almost voiceless; there are many advocates of the New Federalism, as interpreted by President Roosevelt's administration, but they also are almost dumb; there are many who believe heartily in the foreign and colonial policy of the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations, but they are without public and organic representation; there were many in the two McKinley campaigns who did not believe in free silver, but the vote for the party opposed to free silver was inconsiderable; there are not a few in the South who believe in the modern Republican view of the race question—that is, in equal opportunity, industrial, educational, and political, for both races, provided such qualifications are attached to the ballot as will exclude the corrupt and ignorant vote—but they are overborne by an unreasoning and uneducated race prejudice. If the Republican party at each Presidential campaign since 1881 had put some of its ablest National speakers in the South, long before this time Southern Republicans who believe in the Republican policies would have rallied to the support of the Republican party, and we should no longer have a solid South voting in some instances against a policy which it desires to promote and candidates whom it really wishes to see elected. The Outlook urged this policy upon the Republican party in the Garfield election (1880). We urge it upon the favorable consideration of the Republican managers of the approaching Presidential campaign.

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"Permanent Prosperity" Senator Foraker recently remarked in a public speech that "if the next President will be content and proud, as any man might well be, to execute plain, simple, old-fashioned Republican policies instead of his own, our prosperity will not only come again but permanently abide with us." Whereupon a correspondent of the New York Evening Post satirically asks whether Senator Foraker might not have omitted something, and suggests that the speech, if carried out in full in line with the sentence quoted,

should have logically continued as follows:

The prosperity of all is necessary to the well-being of our country. Those who have been designated by the railroad kings as the proper owners of all the trade of their respective businesses will again be helped to drive out their competitors by means of secret rebates. They should prosper! Those who have control of insurance funds will again be able to make money out of restaurants while the policy-holders pay the rent. They should prosper! The word will quietly be passed around that there is no intention to enforce the paternalistic provisions of the Pure Food Law, so that those who have previously gained by the sale of unsanitary and adulterated foods or poisonous medicines secretly drugged will again be able to conduct their thriving "business." They should prosper! Those who have been enabled to build marble palaces through their God-given genius for selling securities, which they had previously acquired at low prices, at a good "business" profit to the railroad corporations which they controlled will again be able to do "business" without unjust and outrageous criticism. They should prosper! Those who have control of corporate affairs will again be able to defer the declaration of a dividend so that they can acquire the stock at a figure at which a good "business" profit may be later realized without having their actions investigated. They should prosper! Those who have control of the disposition of the funds of banks and trust companies will again be able to use these funds for the promotion of their private speculative enterprises, without having to fear again a crash and panic bringing loss to the depositors. They should prosper! We should all prosper, gentlemen! Those who believe that the almighty dollar is worth more than honesty should have another chance to make this country what it should be, a land filled with the greatest aggregation of acquisitive-at-any-price people in the world. Disagreeable truth should never be thrust before our people! Muckraking should be prohibited by law. The innocent should never suffer with the guilty. We should strive to see that the dictum "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children" shall not hold true in this land of ours! I think that the district attorneys in all the counties of these United States should be carefully restrained so that the chief support of a family who commits what we now call crime should not be taken away from his family, so that the innocent will not suffer with the guilty. In the same way the innocent stockholder should not suffer for the acts of his official representatives on the railroad. Let us be charitable! Let each man do business as he sees fit, and let us see that the State does not interfere in any way in any transaction between one individual and another, or between an individual and a corporation. The devil take the hindmost!

A Director of Posts

Postal economy and efficiency are of close and immediate importance to business men and taxpayers. Apart from the subjects of postal rates and payments to railways by the Department, there are other suggestions now under consideration which may well tend toward more efficient service. A preliminary report of a Joint Commission just laid before Congress has as its chief recommendation a plan to reconstruct the executive force of the Post-Office Department. The most novel feature would be the appointment of a Director of Posts, who should be responsible for the detail business of the Department, and bear to the Postmaster-General something the same relation that the United States Treasurer bears to the Secretary of the Treasury. The Postmaster-General would still have in his hands all large questions of policy and the decision of disputed questions. As The Outlook has pointed out before, there are sound reasons for such a division of power. As a Cabinet officer the Postmaster-General is in a sense a political official and is likely to change with every administration; he is rarely a man trained in the Department and familiar with its methods. A Director of Posts would be a permanent official, and under the present Civil Service methods should reach his high position through promotion—and, by the way, it may also be hoped that some time such a system of promotion will prevail in our postal service that an efficient and capable postmaster in a small town may be advanced to a larger town (regardless of the fact that he has not resided there), and so on until he gains the highest positions in the service, if he is really the best man for those places. The measure proposed would have the Director appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, and it would abolish the present offices of First, Second, Third, and Fourth Postmasters-General, and give the new official sole charge of operations (under the general direction of the Postmaster-General) and with power to appoint assistants for the main divisions of the service. The Joint Commission urges that the business of the

Department should be decentralized; that the whole system of bookkeeping, auditing, and accounting should be simplified and unified; and the report goes so far as to assert that, under such a system as now prevails, any large railway, commercial, or industrial business would inevitably go into bankruptcy, adding that this fate has been averted in the Post-Office Department only because the United States Treasury has been available to meet deficiencies. From this we judge, although the account before us does not specifically so state, that the Commission approves that other reform, repeatedly suggested in The Outlook, namely, that on the Government's books each department should be charged with the cost of the postal service rendered it by the Post-Office Department. The present system most unfairly loads the whole of this charge upon the Post-Office Department, thus making a nominal deficit where none should really appear. We understand that the measure offered to Congress by this Joint Commission has the indorsement of both President Roosevelt and Postmaster-General Meyer.

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The Franco-American Arbitration Treaty The new treaty providing for the arbitration of issues that may arise between France and the United States is the outcome of a convention adopted last autumn by the second Hague Conference, recommending that all the Powers conclude treaties of arbitration with one another. The recommendation was not, as reported in the newspapers last week, the result of the failure of the Conference to agree upon the proposition for a court of arbitration, but the outgrowth of the Conference's failure to agree upon the proposition for a general arbitration treaty. This was caused by the refusal of some European nations to enter into arbitral arrangements with some of the smaller countries of South and Central America and with certain Oriental nations. These European nations were not only willing but anxious to arbitrate any issues arising among themselves and with certain nations in other parts of the world—with our own, for instance. But they understood that the radical difference in judicial methods and in forms of government made it inexpedient for them to conclude arbitration treaties with all nations. It must be frankly confessed that this conclusion was a disappointment, for, as the first Hague Conference had made arbitration optional, it was hoped that the second would make it obligatory. In the eight years between the first and second Hague Conference no less than thirty-three arbitration treaties were concluded. Hence the implication: "What nations have done two and two, should they not do all together?" When the opponents of a general treaty registered the objection above noted, the American and British delegations endeavored to induce the Conference to adopt an obligatory treaty to be applied only to subjects of so-called secondary importance—that is to say, which do not involve national honor or vital interests—such as sanitation, transportation, commerce, copyright, submarine cables. But here again several Powers, Germany at their head, refused to agree to any list at all. On this the Americans, British, and Swiss proposed to leave a list open to enable the Powers to arbitrate on such items only as they might deem proper subjects of arbitration, by simply notifying the International Bureau of the Hague Court. But here again the full Conference found itself unable to do more than merely to confirm the principle of obligatory arbitration and recommend that all the nations should endeavor to make special arbitral arrangements among themselves to cover all possible subjects. It is understood that the treaty just concluded between America and France is in entire harmony with this recommendation.

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Missionaries and the Chinese Indemnity The Outlook has already reported the passage by the United States Senate of a bill to hand back to China the remainder of the Boxer indemnity, now that all legitimate claims have been paid. It is surprising to find how widespread is the assumption, without any apparent reason, that exorbitant claims were made for damages to clothing and for the entire loss of wardrobes by the wives of missionaries. Even a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, when it considered the matter, is reported as saying: "The wardrobes of the wives of those missionaries must have far exceeded those of the most extravagant actresses on the stage to-day." As a matter of fact, the money paid for missionary claims was mostly for property destroyed, chiefly schools and hospitals and their apparatus. The claims of the missionaries for personal property covered in some cases their residences, and chiefly their libraries, household furniture, and supplies, as well as clothing. While here and there an individual who had lost all may have demanded a sum for suffering as well as for loss, or may have followed the example of all the foreign Governments in feeling that punitive damages should also be required, such cases, if they existed at all, were very few, and were in no way representative of the missionary body in China or of the Boards at home. We are glad to note that a committee representing the Protestant Missionary Boards and Societies in the United States and Canada now confirms the above, and also declares its adherence to the expression of one of the Boards, which in 1900, immediately after the Boxer atrocities, unanimously voted that—

> It would be highly unbecoming in the followers of Christ to manifest a mercenary spirit and make a demand upon the Chinese. . . . Claims for indemnity should not include suffering, loss of life, or interruption of work, but only the actual value of destroyed or injured property and the extraordinary expenses incurred in consequence of the troubles.

Many of the missionaries, indeed, feeling that any indemnity would embitter the Chinese, refused to put in claims for the full amount of their losses.

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The Russo-Turko-Persian War Cloud

The war cloud here mentioned is ostensibly connected with the Persian boundary. As, some time ago, on the Anglo-Egyptian border, so now on the boundary between Persia and Asiatic Turkey, Turkish troops have been acting unwarrantedly. South of an east and west line intersecting Mount Ararat, the Turkish Government claims that the border between Persia and Asia Minor has never been officially fixed. Hence the Kurds and other Turkish bands have been operating nefariously on the other side of what Persia claims as her line. Undoubtedly these bands, with the connivance of the Turkish Government, are taking advantage of the unrest which now exists in Persia. Under the circumstances, Persia looks to her neighbor on the other side, Russia, for ready aid. Of course in this the Persian Government must realize that it is between the devil and the deep sea. However much they may have to hope from Russia, the Persians cannot close their eyes to the fact that an appeal to Russia for defense against Turkey would mean the overrunning by Russia of the northern Persian provinces. Persia could hardly appeal to England, as the other partner in the recent Anglo-Russian alliance, a part of which covered Persian affairs. England's sphere does not lie in the northern part of that country, where the scene of trouble has occurred. However flimsy or however real the excuse for war may be, it should not be forgotten that any conflict which brings Russia and Turkey again face to face on the battlefield would also have its cause in the still unsettled conditions in the Balkans. When, in 1877, Russia, victor in the war with Turkey, imposed upon the latter the Treaty of San Stefano, the future of Macedonia seemed to be assured. But the following year the European nations, jealous of Russia's apparent ascendency, imposed the Treaty of Berlin, which has checked Macedonian aspirations to become Christian and civilized. The Turkish Sultan doubtless shrewdly thinks to take advantage of the present demoralization of the Russian army, and to show to the world the brilliancy of his own army, newly officered, it is said, by Germans. He would doubtless wish to divert attention from the affairs in Macedonia, going from bad to worse, by a display of militarism on the Persian border. Already he is mobilizing his army in Armenia, and refuses to receive the new Persian Ambassador at Constantinople. There may possibly be a reaction upon the Turk. Peter the Great prophesied that Russia should one day deliver Constantinople, and in 1877 the Russians did come almost to the city. Another Russo-Turkish war might make Constantinople a Russian city.

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George Meredith The eightieth birthday of Mr. George Meredith was made the occasion of a notable expression of the regard in which that distinguished novelist is held by literary folk on both sides the Atlantic. At his home in Surrey, where he has lived more than half a century, Mr. Meredith received letters and telegrams from a great number of those whose good opinion is, in a certain sense, the judgment of the age. He has never been and never will be a popular writer, and this not because the public does not know good writing or appreciate it, but because Mr. Meredith's work, despite the very great ability which he has put into it, is on a by-path and not on the highway. He is preeminently the most intellectual of English novelists. No other writer of fiction in our language has put so many ideas into his work, nor has any other more thoroughly saturated his work with that wideness of observation and ripeness of knowledge which we call culture. A little book of extracts, "The Pilgrim's Scrip," chosen from Mr. Meredith's novels, brings out the extraordinary wealth of aphoristic and proverbial material which his books contain. He is distinctively a psychologist; that is at once his strength and his limitation. Some of his ablest books strike the reader as brilliant intellectual achievements rather than as genuine works of art. He is always interesting; he is rarely convincing. His most popular story, "Diana of the Crossways," is unsurpassed in English fiction as a piece of brilliant portraiture. It has more movement and vitality than many of the other stories, but even Diana does not always come to life; or, to be more accurate, does not always justify herself. "The Egoist," which most lovers of Meredith regard as his greatest story, is a subtle and profound psychological study, ripe with the wisdom of an acute and trained observation, stored with excerpts from the experience of a wise man of the world; but it does not come to life as a piece of fiction. Those who are neither Meredithians nor anti-Meredithians, but who love good writing, count "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" Mr. Meredith's masterpiece; and they never reread the idyl of the meeting of Richard and Lucy on the island without recognizing the exquisite quality and atmosphere of this enchanting bit from the history of the modern Ferdinand and Miranda. Mr. Meredith has discussed the comic element in life with great acuteness and insight, but his own sense of humor has not always preserved him from some positively bathetic scenes; as, for instance, the bathing scene in "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." Mr. Meredith's career has been fortunate in its circumstances and distinguished in its achievements. He has been out of the tumult of affairs, and wholly apart from any touch of literary competition. He has gone his own way, kept his own faith, fought his own fight, and has now come into the reward of a great reputation.

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The Saloon on the Defensive On February 7 the lower house of the Mississippi Legislature adopted a bill enacting statutory prohibition for that State. Last week, by a vote of 36 to 4, the upper house concurred in the bill. The Governor will sign it. This action was not unexpected. It follows similar action on the part of the Legislature of Georgia and of Alabama. It is symptomatic of a public opinion that is National in its scope. Never before in the history of the country has it been as evident as it is now that the American people are intent on controlling, if not destroying, the liquor traffic. Dramatically as this fact has been exhibited by the adoption of prohibition by Southern States, it has been perhaps more significantly expressed in the silent and comparatively unobserved progress of local option. In Mississippi about ninety per cent of the territory of the State had been committed under local option to no-license. According to figures furnished us by the Anti-Saloon League, in approximately seventy per cent of the area of the United States the saloon is illegal. This, of course, includes vast stretches of land which is sparsely populated. What is still more significant, of the eighty-five millions of people in the United States, some thirty-six millions are living in territory from which the saloon has been legally banished. Of these, about eight million live in prohibition States (including Alabama, whose law, though passed, does not go into effect until 1909); the rest, some twenty-eight millions, are living in territory which has been freed from the saloon under the operation of local option laws. During the single year of 1907 about three millions of people, by exercising local option, abolished the saloons. How many more people are freed from the saloon (perhaps some of them would say deprived of it) by State prohibition during the year we cannot say. It would hardly be fair to add to the three million already mentioned the total population of Georgia, Oklahoma, and Alabama, which adopted prohibition last year, because a large part of those States had already abolished the saloon by local votes. During last year, of the thirty-four Legislatures that were in session, twenty passed laws against the liquor traffic, and not a single one passed a law favorable to the traffic. It is probable, if not certain, that every State Legislature now in session or to be in session this year will have before it measures for the restriction or abolition of the saloon. The forms which local option has taken are various. Under one form a county is the unit, under another the unit is the township, under a third the municipality, under a fourth the ward or precinct, and under a fifth a special district either already fixed by law or fixed by special petition. These various forms have been adopted to fit various conditions. In the South, where the population is comparatively sparse, the county has been the field for action, in New York and New England the township, in Ohio a specially designated district. One reason why this movement has obtained unprecedented results is that it has been characterized by the united action of people who, having a common object, are ready to compromise on ways and means. Unquestionably the Anti-Saloon League has been a very great factor. It seems to be feared by the organizations of liquor dealers and their allies more than any other temperance body. They have good ground for their fear, for the Anti-Saloon League has adapted itself to circumstances, has avoided partisan politics, has maintained no self-righteous aloofness from particular parties, but has worked with any one and every one who has been willing to work with it. It has found great force for its purpose in the influence of the churches in the South particularly. This movement hostile to the saloon shows no sign of waning. We believe that it will continue effective in proportion as it is marked by the spirit of uncompromising determination in accomplishing the end, but a tolerant willingness to compromise and adjust means and measures.

An Ill-Advised Answer

A gentleman resident in Montclair, New Jersey, and a commuter on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, recently addressed Mr. William H. Truesdale, President of that road, a letter in which he made an ingenious computation of the time lost by commuters in consequence of the delay attendant upon the building of the new tunnel and the paralysis of traffic caused by recent snowfall, due, it is said, to the new system of interlocking the switches at the Hoboken yard, and ventured to make the suggestion that, in case there was serious danger of a repetition of this kind of paralysis, it would be well to build snow-sheds over the switches. The letter was perfectly courteous and in no sense unreasonable. The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad has secured for itself a reputation of first order for safety, regularity, and thorough management. It has carried on the most difficult and complicated reconstruction works at various points with the minimum of delay, and the commuters who use it have been in the habit of speaking as if it were practically a perfect machine. During the past year, however, this fine record has been broken, and of late months there have been many delays at the entrance to the tunnel at Hoboken and on the upper ferries. The new ferry-house and station at Hoboken are very handsomely appointed, and, in their way, models; but the distance from some of the platforms to the Christopher and Twenty-third Street boats is great, and for weeks past on certain trains passengers have generally lost a boat, which means a loss of time of from seven to fifteen minutes. The feeling has grown that some of these causes of delay might be removed by the management. In response to the letter of the Montclair commuter Mr. Truesdale has published a "smart," sharp, and most ill-advised reply—one of those documents which explain a good deal of the critical feeling toward railways now so widely felt. It is the letter of a man who probably understands very thoroughly the administrative side of railroading, but who certainly does not understand its public relations, which are quite as important. There is no more reason why the customer of a railway should not be treated with courtesy than the customer of any other kind of business. Mr. Truesdale's letter is not only discourteous, but it shows inability to understand present conditions in this country. The lack of intelligence on the part of great men of affairs in their dealings with communities is sometimes inexplicable. Mr. Truesdale shows a curious ignorance of the public sentiment of the time in which he lives and of the amenities which should exist between a great business and its patrons, and a curious lack of that tact which is quite as essential as ability to the conduct of great affairs. Commuters have ceased to be "dumb, driven cattle." They are becoming every day more clearly aware of the fact that great semi-public enterprises like railways must maintain cordial working relations with the communities in which they live. Mr. Truesdale is not conducting a railway in Russia, but in a democratic community; and no man can succeed in managing strongly a great railway property unless he understands the feeling of the people with whom he has to deal. Information courteously given is what the patrons of a railway ask; let Mr. Truesdale try the effect of a little courtesy.

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A White Australia The Australian colonies, under their title, The Commonwealth of Australia, began their federated existence on the first day of the new century. Since that date the six colonies of Australia proper and Tasmania, comprising a territory nearly equal to that of the United States exclusive of Alaska and our island possessions, and with a population now estimated at about 4,500,000, have been working, though not without some friction, toward a few great ends. Chief of these is "a White Australia," with adequate protection not only for present conditions but future contingencies along racial lines. At first the doctrine of a White Australia had reference chiefly to the menace to Australian labor from the importation of Kanakas, which a few years ago had assumed a magnitude that alarmed the whites. Within the past year or two the policy of discriminating against all dark immigrants, and against Asiatics generally and the Japanese particularly, has become a cardinal one with all parties in the great island Commonwealth. Moreover, it is not merely a labor menace that Australians see or profess to see in the Japanese question, which in Australia is as acute as it is upon the Western coast of the United States, and perhaps even more serious. The attitude of Australians in general is more pronounced and unanimous on the question of Japan's possible ascendency in the Pacific than upon almost any other subject now engaging their attention. It is this fear of Japan and what her mastery of the Pacific may mean to the Commonwealth of Australia that has been at the bottom of the proposals for armament which mark such a distinct departure from Australian principles and policies. It is now practically certain that, in lieu of a stated contribution toward the maintenance of the

British navy and other purposes of imperial defense, Australia, having in mind her spareness of population and her enormous coast line inviting to invasion and occupation, will insist upon devoting her energies and resources to her own coast defense by means of torpedoes and submarines and also by land fortifications. The reasons for this changed view and attitude are not far to seek. They are to be found in the alliance of the British Empire with, as one Australian expresses it, the one power Australia dreads—Japan. Australian statesmanship is perturbed by the apparition of a Power in the Pacific which, if unchecked, may become more powerful than England on that ocean, and that Power is Japan. For this reason Australians are watching with eagerness for the entrance of the American fleet into the Pacific. As one Australian, writing in the Standard, of London, says, "the entry of the American fleet into the Pacific is for us something more than a stately procession of ships." But so far as America is concerned, this stately procession of ships is not meant as a challenge to any other Power, however the Australians may interpret it.

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Washington the Man

Circumspect readers have become shy of the class of books which profess to present the "true lives" of distinguished men; for they have discovered that in most cases the writer presents as the "true life" a collection of peccadilloes, of scandals, and of small or larger vices, which breaks the symmetrical outline of a great figure. Many of these things are true, but they are not half so true as other facts, traits, and qualities, nor are they half so significant. Taken by themselves they are often entertaining; they are also entirely misleading. As a rule, no biography is so untrue as that which holds itself forth as the "true life." This is precisely what Mr. Wister has not done in "The Seven Ages of Washington" (Macmillan). The germ of this book was an address delivered before the University of Pennsylvania on the 22d of February last, which made a deep impression on a great audience, by reason of its directness, its freshness, and a certain definite expansion of the general knowledge of Washington. Expanded to the dimensions of a book of very moderate compass, the address is in some respects the most intimate and graphic account of Washington that has appeared. Its size is out of all proportion to the work of investigation of which it is the product; it rests on a solid foundation of critical examination of all the sources of information about Washington.

It is not too much to say that no American ought to leave this book unread; for everything that vitalizes the character of Washington adds so much to the moral capital of the country. Oscar Wilde, who was as witty as he was untrustworthy, and perhaps as incapable of understanding and valuing such a character as Washington's as Mr. Bernard Shaw would be, said that what he was pleased to call the absence of imagination in the American people was explained by the fact that its chief hero could not tell a lie. This is a unique distinction which comparatively few men have been able to share. It was based, however, on an idea of the marble-like coldness and regularity of Washington's character, its faulty faultlessness, its rigidity of correctness. due to the absence of passion, which has become a tradition, but was always a fundamental misconception. Washington was one of the most human of men, though not the sort of man that Mr. Wilde or any person of his kind would have been at home with. In that respect Mr. Gladstone was like him. A man was once telling an obscene story in a London club when Gladstone entered the room. Some one in the circle said to the narrator, "I will give you ten pounds if you will repeat that story to Mr. Gladstone." Everybody knew that no amount of money would summon up the courage necessary to pass on the story. Washington lived in another age and a much coarser one; but there was in him the same loftiness of character and the same spiritual dignity which made Gladstone the greatest personality among the English-speaking people of his time.

This human side of Washington belongs as much to the country as the side of his military leadership or his statesmanship; and it is especially important because it brings the heroic man nearer his kind without diminishing his stature or blurring the shining clearness of his career. He remains the foremost man of a great epoch. The appreciation of his abilities as a strategist has steadily grown until, in the opinion of military experts, he holds a very high position among famous soldiers. His extraordinary breadth of view and steadiness of judgment stand out more clearly as the machinations, intrigues, and passions of his hour are understood. No public man was ever more bitterly and unjustly reviled, nor has any ever borne himself with a more conspicuous dignity. His silence under great provocation was magnificent. The winter at Valley Forge, with a shabby Congress denying his half-naked troops the necessities of life, with a contemptible cabal, Gates and Conway at its head, trying to drive him out of public life, with the troops starving around him—shows him in the full dimensions of his greatness.

Mr. Wister writes with a glow of personal affection which is contagious. Nobody can lay down his book without a new feeling for Washington; a sense not only of his greatness, but of the warm humanity in him. He was not a cold man, and he was an intensely passionate man. He kept a stiff rein on a high temper, and when in moments of great moral indignation he released his hold, his anger was a kind of elemental fury. That he swore on Monmouth Field at Charles Lee is beyond question; "His profanity was like the cursing of an angel out of heaven at human baseness and cowardice." In his awkward youth he seems always to have been having love affairs; unsuccessful largely, probably because of his shyness and the kind of uncouthness which comes with slow growth and gradual development. Thackeray, in "The Virginians," hit off this phase of Washington's early character with great success. His general education was limited, and one of the most interesting aspects of it was the influence of a well-known copy-book, which Washington seems to have taken with the greatest seriousness and to have thoroughly digested. His friendship with Lord Fairfax and his family was no small element in that education; and the charming life at Belvoir, which Mr. Wister describes, exerted a refining influence on the young surveyor, who had seen very little of the world.

Although Washington's general culture was very limited, he was an educated man in the elevation of his interests, his power of dealing strongly and clearly with principles, his ability to disentangle the essential from the non-essential, and the general force of his mind. He wrote a great many letters, and some of his contemporaries, who were as much his superiors in technical scholarship as they were his inferiors in nobility of character and power of service, were greatly distressed by his spelling. There was a good deal of orthographical laxness in the Revolutionary period, and Washington took very large liberties; in this respect he was a man of almost Elizabethan habits. But, as Mr. Wister says, "no one knew better than Washington how to use words, nor, when he was dealing with serious matters in a deliberate way, could any one write better prose."

National heroes are the best possessions of a people; and it is a fact to which our friends abroad have not always given due weight that American heroes are of the non-commercial class. It is true that Franklin was an intensely practical man, with a genius of applying ideas to life which made him the most fertile man of his time; but his interests were only secondarily commercial. Washington was a prudent man in dealing with practical affairs, and kept an exact account of his expenses during the war; but he served for eight years without pay, and if the movement of the colonists for independence had been unsuccessful, not a dollar of his large expenditures would ever have come back to him. He was exact as a matter of habit, of efficiency, and of integrity, and he was a shrewd man. He bought real estate judiciously, because he foresaw the growth of the country and had faith in it. He died the second richest man in the colonies, but he was in no sense commercial; and no American hero has ever been commercial. He was a faulty man, as a normal man must be. He had, in his way, a keen sense of humor, and Mr. Wister gives some very delightful illustrations of his sense of fun, which was of the eighteenth century quality. He had very warm affections, and was not indifferent to appreciation. He felt the attacks of his enemies keenly, for he had the pride of a man of perfect integrity, and he did not hesitate to speak of his maligners in the plainest English; but he bore himself with unbroken dignity. His intercourse with his stepchildren and with people who, one after another, came under his protection and for whom he was responsible, was tender, affectionate, and most considerate. No one can lay down this book without a heightened sense of Washington's greatness, and of an altogether new sense of the thoroughly human quality of his nature.

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Reading in Idleness

When Carlyle was told that a large part of the manuscript of "The French Revolution" had been destroyed by the carelessness of a maid, he took refuge in fiction, and for several weeks kept his mind off the calamity by putting himself into the experiences and adventures of other people. A man of ordinary mind might have sought forgetfulness in travel; the man of extraordinary mind found it in sending his mind abroad. This fact in the life of one of the most striking of modern men of genius must have seemed to many readers a terrible decline from the dignity of a great intellectual career. One must have common sense and humor to recognize Carlyle's need and the rational fashion in which he met it. Humor is the special gift of the deeply serious men; in its higher forms it is almost always associated with greatness of mind and nature. Men who work prodigiously must play with equal energy. The richly furnished mind overflows with vitality, and deals with ideas and life freely, daringly, often audaciously. Solemnity as a habit indicates absence of humor and of fullness of thought rather than elevation of purpose or dignity of mind.

There have been a few great solemn men, but their solemnity was evidence, not of their gifts, but of their defects; as a rule, greatness is accompanied by the overflow of the fountain of life in play. Jonathan Edwards was a man of commanding force and concentration of mind, and he appears to have been a portentous person in the ordinary intercourse of life. Bushnell lacked his power of logic, but had a genius so rich and of such insight and fertility that he must be counted a prime factor in the liberation of the spirit in this country; and no American has said such wise and penetrating things about play. In reading Edwards one feels as if he were in a universe rigidly ordered to great ends and set on immutable foundations of law; in reading Bushnell, on the other hand, the universe seems to flow, streaming with life and power, out of the Infinite, breaking into song and flower for very joy in its free and radiant vitality.

No man felt the tragedy of life more deeply than Shakespeare, nor has any man brought out more searchingly the irony which sometimes gives the order of events a terrible and merciless satire, as if the higher powers were making sport of human suffering; but Shakespeare had a glorious capacity for play, and his ringing laughter is like music on the cynical stage of the day. The overflow of his genius fertilized the whole field of life, and brought into our literature phrases which sing like birds in some fragrant spring. No one could see so far as did Shakespeare, and with such penetration, and miss the freedom of the world which is bestowed on those who know that joy is as real as sorrow, and play as much a part of the scheme of things as work. If John Knox had known this, he would not have been less a thunderbolt of righteous wrath against the ungodly, and he would have avoided some ridiculous situations. It is not irreverent to suspect that many saints have been canonized because their goodness somehow survived their depressing solemnity; and the day will come when canonization will give aureoles to those pure and beautiful spirits whose laughter has made the world sweeter and more wholesome. If it be true that only the serious can claim the freedom of humor, it is also true that they only have a right to laugh who have known tears; and that to the children of faith the doors of the school of life open on a vast playground.

Phillips Brooks, whose vitality gave him a place among the prophets, gained such power with men because there was so much of the boy in him that his work seemed like play and his theology a living knowledge of God instead of a formal system of doctrine. It is the overflowing life in the boy which fills the air with shouts of joy and brings into the house the stir and freshness of the winds and hills; and when the boy dies in a man something contagious and winning passes from him. Homeric laughter is the privilege and characteristic of Homeric men, and the deep-toned mirth of great men at play confirms their claim to leadership. Carlyle could arraign the modern world like a prosecuting attorney out of Hebrew Scripture, and Tennyson could use the dialect of invective with unsurpassed energy and effectiveness; but what peals of laughter broke like mellow thunder through the clouds of tobacco smoke in the little room in Cheyne Row!

The law of nature which insists that land shall lie fallow from time to time if it is to be fertile is applicable to the mind of man, and play is the necessity of rich natures and of great workers. For work and play are antiphonal, and make the harmony of a fruitful life. It is as much a religious duty to play when one is in the midst of great labors as to secure good food when one's strength is taxed by great exertions. There is as much real education on the playground as in the school-house; as much vital contribution to one's task in recreation as in toil. If one would face the darker aspects of life and keep his sanity, let him forget disaster and misery in the novel, the play, the garden, the golf course, the walk in the woods. If one would carry a great work to a great end, let him see to it that he plays as devoutly as he toils. The world needs laughter as much as it needs preaching, and humor humanizes truth and makes it companionable. As tired men and women love to hear the shouts of children at play, so do those who are carrying great burdens and performing heavy tasks find refreshment and strength in the sight of strong men at play. "The Three Musketeers" is often a better book for the hour than Lecky's "History of Morals," and the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" a better preparation for a piece of hard work than Bacon's Essays. What is called idle reading, with a caustic air of superiority, by solemn people, is often the most fruitful and necessary reading, and they are wise who have learned the secret of idleness.

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A Plea for Straight Thinking

In most economic problems there is an apparent clash of adverse self-interest, and this is particularly true in the problem of Labor and Capital. The fancied self-interest of the capitalist makes him deem it advantageous to get as much for himself and to give his adversary as little as possible. In a measure, the laborer regards the situation in the same light, but his self-interest is rendered more intense by its vital character. His wage, generally speaking, is his all, the only thing which keeps him and his family from want. It is natural, therefore, that he should find even more difficulty than the employer in considering impartially the numerous complications arising out of his relations to his employer. Furthermore, his lack of training has been such that, bias apart, he cannot reason from cause to effect with an adequate degree of accuracy. And even if he would reason soundly if left alone, the influence of unscrupulous or honest but misguided labor agitators often prevents the conscientious and thoughtful laborer from reaching a right conclusion.

With these impediments to impartiality and clear thinking, it is not astonishing that the relations between Labor and Capital have failed to develop sanely. For centuries the employee was entirely at the mercy of his master. The slave has evolved into the wage-earner, yet until recently the employee gained no practical independence. The determination of his wage, of his hours of labor, of the character of the place for work, of compensation for injuries received in employment—all these matters, and many others, rested in the employer's volition, dependent only upon his sense of fairness and his ability to rise above the temptation to get as much and to give as little as possible. It is true that many employers met this test of their moral strength and took no unfair advantage of their power. But this was not true of employers as a class. Cupidity could not be withstood, and the employer often became wealthy on the excessive profits derived from unfair wages and improper conditions. Eventually the laborer perceived the unfairness of this condition and began to seek a remedy. The Union and the Labor vote were the results.

Whether Labor exercises its power through the Union or by means of the suffrage and consequent legislation, or through both instrumentalities, is indifferent. The crucial fact is that the balance of power has passed from the master to those formerly at his mercy, and will remain with them. It is vain for Capital to expect a return of its former absolutism. Every sign of the times indicates the permanent loss of much of that power. There must always be a hundred laborers to one capitalist. With Labor awake to its past abuses and keenly cognizant of the power it now has to compel Capital to divide fairly the profits of the enterprise, nothing could be more illusory than any expectation, or hope even, by Capital of a recovery of its former autocracy. The only result that Capital can now reasonably hope for is a fair return on the investment. It cannot expect the enormous profits of former times.

Through the refusal or failure to think straight on this point, Capital approaches the question awry. Ostrich-like, it puts its head in the sand, in the effort to shut out of view the horrid possibility. The dogmatic assertion, "I am going to run my own business as I like," is made so commonly by employers that one is almost tempted to credit them with a real belief in their power to do it. Yet every man who makes it ought to know that he can no more carry out such a course of action than the ostrich can escape a threatened danger by the head-burying expedient. He knows, or ought to know, that, first and foremost, the Union prevents him from managing his business as he likes. If the "closed shop" condition prevails in his industry, the Union's power is well-nigh absolute, and the Union will, in some particulars at least, practically run his business, not he himself. If there is an "open shop," the almost inevitable presence of a number of Union men lessens materially his professed autocratic power to do as he pleases. Furthermore, he ought to appreciate that, apart from the Union, Labor has another manner of wielding its power so as to deprive him of absolute dominion. He must reckon with the political influence of the army of organized labor. For what has brought about the multitude of statutes designed to give the laborer protection and advantages and new rights as against the employer? It may be conceded that enlightened intelligence is responsible for some part of these measures, but no one possessed of a fair amount of observation and intelligence can doubt that the great bulk of these statutes owe their birth directly to the legislators' dependence upon, and fear of, the Labor vote.

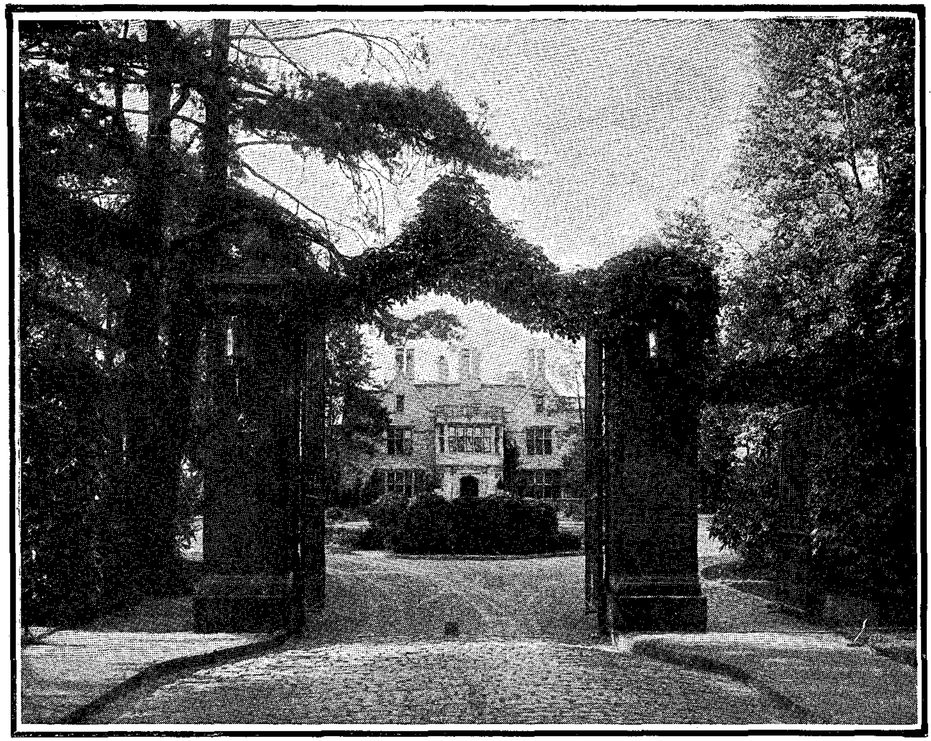
The exercise of this political influence is not restricted to limited classes of the industries in which capital is invested. The power to regulate those businesses which are "charged with a public interest" (as the courts have expressed it), such as railways, elevators, telegraph lines, slaughter-houses, and the like, is too clear for discussion. There can be no doubt of the power of the Legislatures to direct that such businesses shall be conducted in a certain way, with a certain regard for the rights of the public, with certain safeguards for the employees, under certain liabilities for injuries to the employees, and subject to the numerous conditions with which we have lately become perhaps too familiar. Yet, with these drastic enactments increasing every day, prominent railway officers continue the head-burying process and persist in the trite assertion of determination to run their properties as they wish, regardless of the efforts of Labor. And what is self-evident in the realm of these "public interest" businesses is almost equally so in the so-called purely private industries. The police power of the Legislatures gives a constitutional authority broad enough to permit the regulation of these private businesses almost to the extent of their destruction. The great size of the Labor vote puts this power at the command of the forces of Labor. Thus the emptiness of the employer's boasts of autocracy is at once revealed. The legislators tell the capitalist that he cannot employ children in his shop save under certain conditions, and he has to obey. He is directed to put certain sanitary or safety appliances in his factory, and he cannot escape the obligation to do so, however much he means to do as he likes. He is prohibited from paying his employees in orders on his "store," and that method of payment has to be stopped. It is idle to multiply instances or consider details. The fact is indubitable that in this day and age no employer can truthfully claim to manage his business without let or hindrance from the Union or the Labor vote.

Capital must recognize the fact and deal with it accordingly. The loss of the power to act without restraint must be frankly admitted, and ways and means upon that basis be considered. For along that line there is a possibility of remedy. To refuse to admit the fact of Labor's tremendous power and to continue to act upon the hypothesis of its non-existence will result in a common disaster both to Capital and Labor.

What is the obvious remedy if we admit the fact and acknowledge the existence of this power of Labor? It lies in intelligent co-operation. This there cannot be while the employer is in the position of denying facts which exist and which the employee knows to exist. Let the employer say squarely to his men that he recognizes their power; that if it is exercised in certain unwise or deleterious ways, he cannot continue to employ his capital in the enterprise; that the abandonment of his business means not only loss to him but also the termination of their employment. Let there be a frank avowal by the employer of the inevitable partnership between himself and his men, this recognition of their power under present conditions, and such an honest and ingenuous appeal to their reason and enlightened self-interest as will bring about a wise use of the power in the common interest of both members of the partnership.

It is contrary to the lessons of history to assume that any class so large as that which we call the "laboring class" is actuated by dishonest motives. Illogical and misguided its members may be, and doubtless have been. We must, then, show them their error. That can never be done with hostility, or by attempting to smother facts. However misguided Labor may be, there is no lack of a realization on its part of the dominating power it now possesses. If Capital approaches it with an attempt to deny or suppress this undoubted fact, Labor immediately, and with justification, becomes suspicious. But approached fairly, Labor *must* listen to reason. We are fond of saying that the American people decide great questions correctly when they are squarely presented. That is only another way of saying that the laboring class may be trusted to think straight and reach the right conclusion if the matter is properly put before them.

By following the course we urge, Capital would fulfill not only a great moral law upon which the evolution of the race must depend, but it would also do that which is best calculated to make its returns larger and surer. The moral and economic laws are the same in this realm. It may be trite to say that Capital and Labor are partners, and that both must prosper or suffer together. But notwithstanding the general admission of this fact, we seem to have lost sight of the other fact, that one of the partners is an infant in his logical faculties, though a giant in strength. As such, Labor is entitled to the guiding hand and loyal protection of the adult partner, Capital. If the infant does not receive this, it uses its enormous strength wrongly, and both suffer.



ENTRANCE TO A THIRTEEN-ACRE ESTATE IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY

THE GLORY of the CITIES

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

SECOND PAPER

BUFFALO: A CITY OF HOMES

WHEN one of the charitable organizations of Buffalo sent out a call for a hundred automobiles to be placed at its disposal for the purpose of giving an exhilarating fresh-air experience of swift motion through the parks to the children of motorless parents, more than double the number of machines asked for were promptly presented, ready for use. The impression of cheerfully rendered service for others, thus given, is borne out as one investigates the life and the ideals and the habits of this city of the Pan-American Exposition. But such was not my first impression.

Buffalo? The name stood for a city of hustling progress, the gateway through which there poured and floated the commerce and business, not alone of the Empire State, but of an inland empire. It meant to me great stretches of bald asphalted streets—for Buffalo was early converted to the virtues of plentiful paving. I thought of the daintily beautiful Exposition carried to success by her people, and mournfully distinguished as the place of martyrdom for an American President. The proximity of attacked Niagara, and my remembrance of Buffalo business men connected with certain strenuous hours of appearances before the President, a Congressional Committee, and the Secretary of War, gave impression of Buffalo as mostly commercialism, and as reveling cheerfully and electrically in the spoliation of the great cataract.

So, when I came to think of cities in terms of their true glory, Buffalo first presented no such claim as I shall now make for her, after seeing into the heart of the city and those who make it.

For now it seems to me, not in the least closing my eyes to her commerce, her railways, her manufactures, her rapid progress in population, that Buffalo stands out most strongly as a city of homes—of individual American homes, too; not mere flat-cramped, closet-roomed "apartments" or pigeonholes for humanity.

This glory of any city has long been claimed by a larger sister as her distinction; but the Keystone claim, considered against the surroundings, the individuality, the comfort, and the public provision for home efficiency found to prevail in Buffalo, can hardly be maintained. To go about the streets of this city of the lakes, whether along Delaware Avenue or North Street, or through the industrial residence section of the "East Side," is to see that here the separated, individual home is the rule. But one "block" or "row" of connected houses is said to exist in Buffalo, and it is made up of homes costing $10,000 each or more. The workers, be they high-salaried or labor-waged, live in separate houses, mostly on tree-lined, grass-edged streets, within available walking distance of city-provided greenery of park or parkway. Some of these houses are "two-family" homes; but they are distinctly not like the all-too-familiar tenements of our congested cities, nor the "rows" of monotonous sameness—simply tenements laid down!—seen in others.

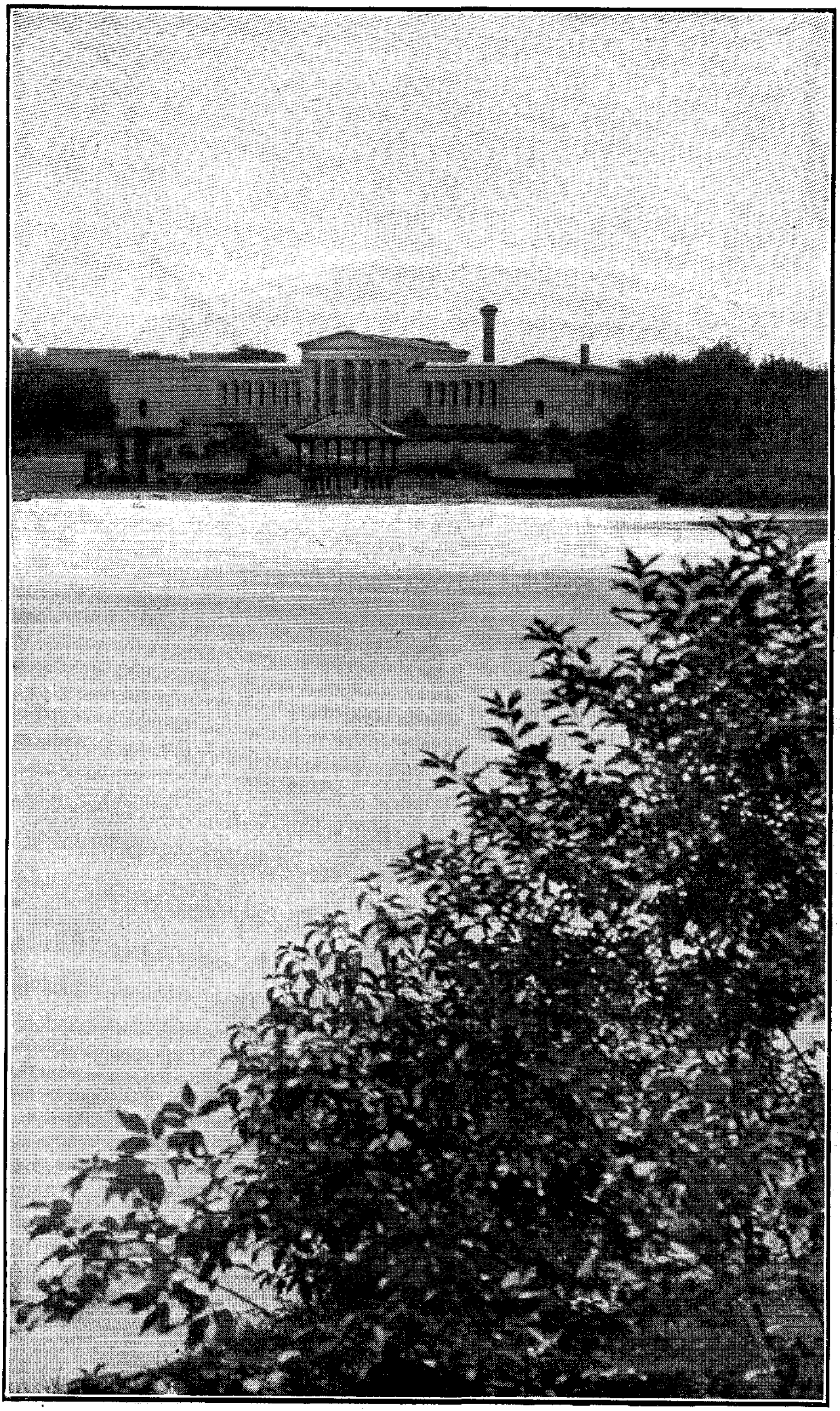
Measure the relation: Buffalo's four hundred thousand live and work and pleasure themselves over forty-two square miles of the plain abutting Lake Erie's eastern end, while a single square mile of Manhattan's awful "East Side" holds just as many humans, who there surely work, while they attempt to live and pleasure!

Buffalo also has an "East Side." Thither I went, traversing miles of smoothly paved streets set with the homes of the thousands who have made this city their first abiding-place in America—Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and those from the central and southern European nations. Two-and-a-half-story houses, with lawns and open spaces all about, prevailed. A fenceless neighborhood it was, but by no means childless; for the potential Americans were thick about the yards and the streets, forcing a contrast between their here happy condition as compared with that of the gutter-playing children of crowded New York.

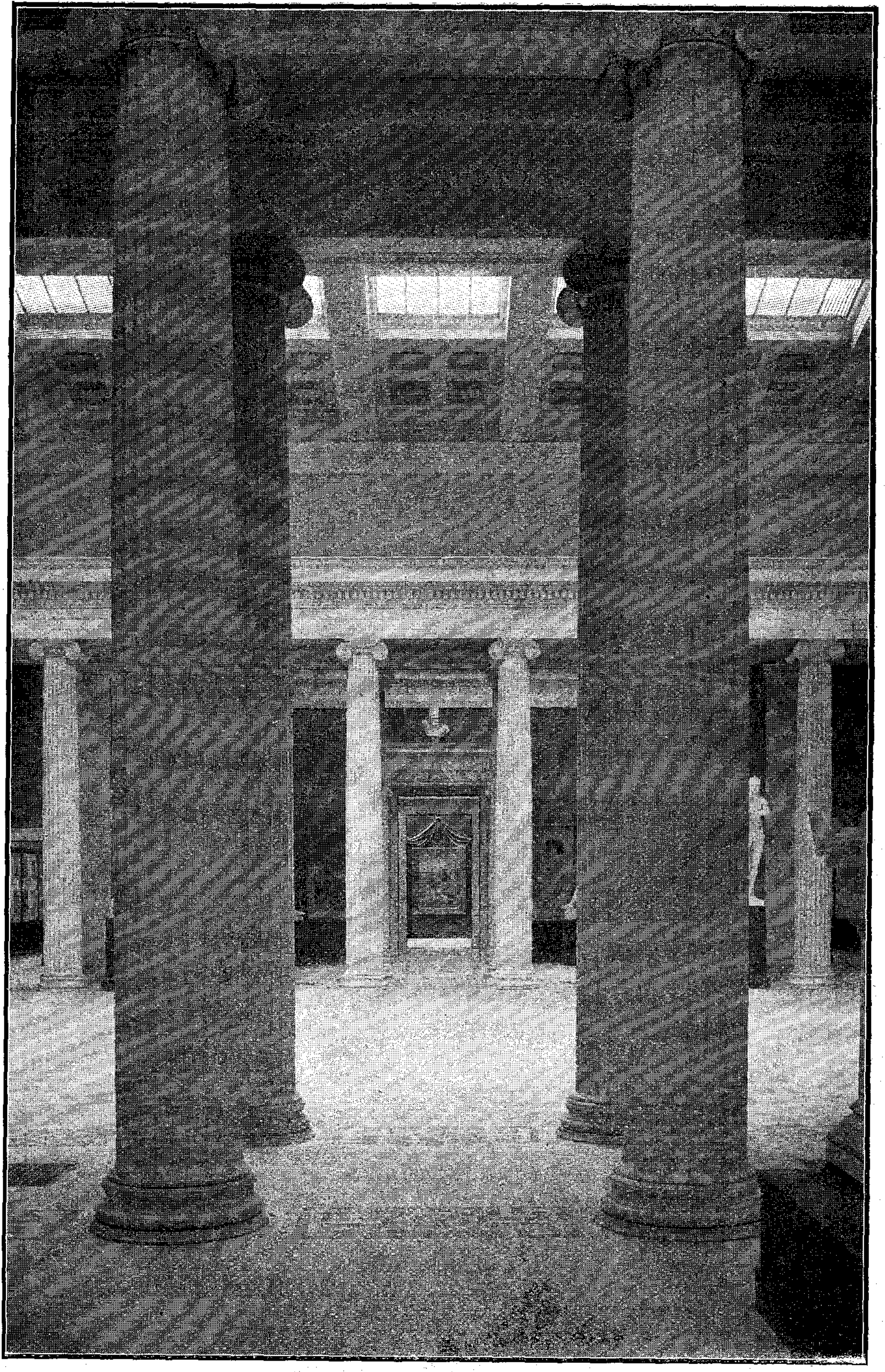
Inquiry informed me that these real homes rented for from $15 to $18 per month. The conclusion one had to arrive at was that, in this sort of provision for her sweating thousands of mill and factory workers, Buffalo was building citizens with unusual efficiency.

But there were other homes to see—miles of them—residences of skilled workers, of clerks and business men, and, finally, of the commercial, professional, and political leaders. Widely differing in cost and size and beauty, all have one feature in common—they are set in green. Lawns to the front of them, lawns between, lawns in the rear. In the streets, trees, often in superb double rows on each side, growing in lawns of grassy strips. Taking from a high building a June view over the city, it seemed, save in the very heart of the business district, almost a forest. From the Niagara River great pumps lift one hundred and thirty millions of gallons of water daily to serve the needs of Buffalo, while silently, invisibly, unobtrusively, but most beneficently, the trees of Buffalo lift and coolingly evaporate every summer day other millions of gallons to make glad her streets and her people. Buffalo surely lives in a glory of summer green. By an admirable and unusual provision on some streets, she keeps the green at full efficiency, for the wires are underground, and a duplicated service of sewers, conduits, gas and water pipes on each side of the street prevents constant root irritation.

That the home idea is solidly planted in Buffalo is readily seen when one considers the residence of a man of wealth, who, loving the city and foreseeing in time her greatness, has held thirteen acres of a homestead right in the heart of things. There his beloved elms grow stately, the rolling lawns sweep away



THE ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY



INTERIOR OF THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY

from the finely modest home, and the rich beauty of a park is visible to passing thousands.

The homes of the people of wealth are, outwardly at least, singularly free from garish architectural pretensions, and are truly homelike. It would be hard to imagine streets suggesting more comfort or presenting more home beauty than Delaware Avenue, or North Street, or West Ferry Street. These noble thoroughfares, akin to the very best of Washington, and indeed superior because adorned by greater maturity of tree growth, and also by more harmonious buildings, are models for all America. May the day soon come when an American city will be ashamed that cannot show at least the beginnings of such avenues of municipal and individual cooperation toward the city beautiful as are so well typified in busy Buffalo!

It is easy to pass from the glory of homes in Buffalo to the glory of streets, for one supplements the other essentially. This city is most fortunate in her street plan, which includes a number of radiating avenues similar to those that distinguish the National capital. Indeed, the same engineering skill was availed of in planning Buffalo, after George Washington had pointed the way in his inimitable conception for "the Federal City;" for Joseph Ellicott, who was associated with Major L'Enfant in the making of the Washington plan, is credited with the lines of Buffalo.

Taking advantage of the curves of the harbor and the lake's end, and of the noble stream of Niagara, the streets of the city avoid monotonous gridiron rectilinearity. There result some junctions, of which the builders of Buffalo have availed themselves in making it most beautiful. Even at square intersections the occasional use of a diamond-shaped open space has provided variety, beauty, and good vistas.

The coming together of North and Richmond Streets with Porter Avenue affords an open space, and it was a great conception to there locate, at the exact focus of the view, the singularly elegant campanile-like tower of the First Presbyterian Church. Merely to see this church as one rides down Richmond Street is an education in civic beauty well worth the visit; and the continuing influence of such beauty upon the people is of priceless value. Here is education differing essentially from the cultivation in municipal ugliness too considerably prevailing in American cities.

The new McKinley monument is a glory of Buffalo, in that it memorializes the martyr President in the city of his last utterance and his untimely death, while stimulating strongly the obviously present sense of and desire for dignified public beauty. Standing impressively in Niagara Square, at the beginning of Delaware Avenue, it constantly recalls the sad and anxious days in 1901, as well as the beautiful life and character it commemorates.

From the pride of streets—streets of homes as well as of business—we may step readily to the glory of parks in Buffalo, for the parks are close by, and of use to the people. "The Front" gives a bit of river view to the public, free from the incursions of commerce, but with the picturesque quality of a vast lake traffic passing in the distance. It would have been a greater glory to this city of the lakes had more water front been retained for the public benefit; yet here at least is one superb green spot for water scenery and breath to the people, close to much of the population.

At right angles from "The Front" parkways stretch away—one southeast to the Terrace, in the business center, with Niagara Square and the City Hall close by its ending in the business center, where Delaware Avenue carries on the parkway idea for its miles of unusual urban beauty of home and highway. Northeast and north, passing "The Circle," the parkway ends in Buffalo's largest area of the people's outdoors, Delaware Park, impinging upon the area in which the Pan-American Exposition was held. Great lawns, pleasant tree groups that are almost forests, a lake made useful by a flotilla of pleasure boats, and all the accessories by which modern park administration seeks best to conserve the public's health and happiness, are here.

Southeast from Delaware Park a tree-lined avenue swings away with its two hundred feet width of greenery to Humboldt Park, just about in Buffalo's geographical center, and well serving its industrial "East Side." From Humboldt Park southward Fillmore Avenue continues the parkway effect, but it ends short of a connection—needed and hoped for—with South Park and Cazenovia Park. I believe too fully in the public spirit of the men of Buffalo, who do things, to fear that this connection will not be made, or that larger park areas, to accommodate and more rapidly Americanize the incoming throng of iron-working aliens needed by South Buffalo, will not be added. To meet the wholesome proportion of an acre of park surface to each hundred of population, this great city must treble its area of public lands.

But we have passed too rapidly in a mere topographical survey along a most attractive parkway. Returning, let us seek the humanities, here in Humboldt Park, at the wading pool.

Shall I be ashamed to confess that when, several years since, I first saw this Humboldt Park wading pool, I did not understand it? Coming suddenly upon the great circle of it, stone-edged, green-rimmed, flower-bedecked, I thought it but an artificial and simply ornamental pond. But in a moment the joyous noise of the children's shouts and the novel—to me—sight of scores of small people wading in this pond unrestrained, convinced me that I had happened on something very much worth while.

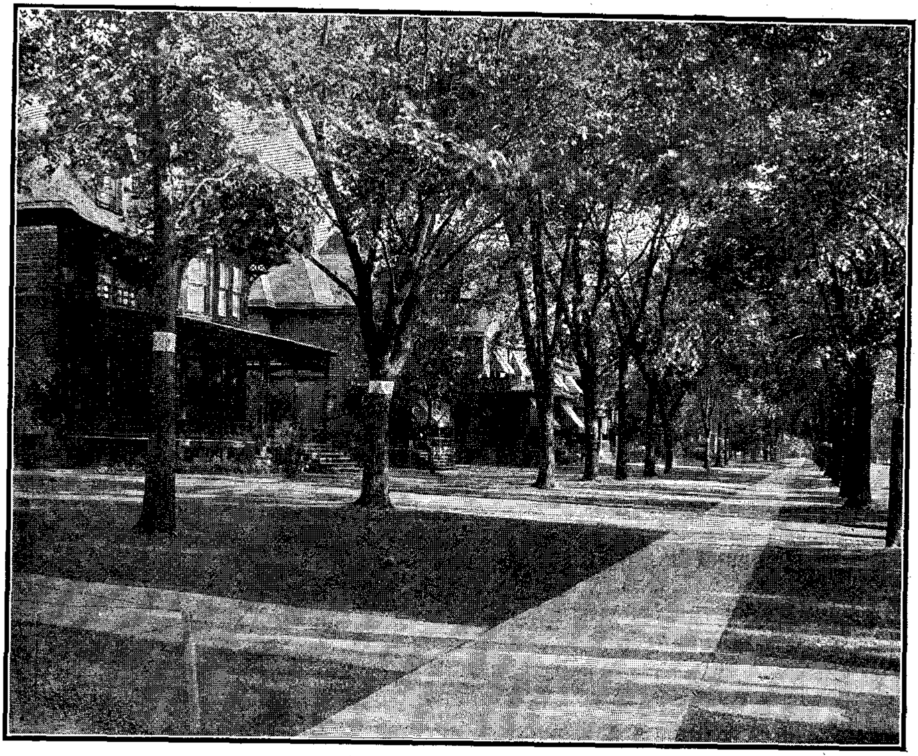
A LAWN ON THE ALBRIGHT ESTATE

One little girl of perhaps six or eight summers was just making her entrance into the water along the gentle slope of the pool's edge. Clothes held up in her chubby hands, she toddled slowly and with a perfectly solemn countenance toward the center. Deeper she went, and slower, but there was no change in her expression of gravity and absorption. At last the eighteen-inch utmost depth was attained just as her clothes-filled hands touched the water's surface, and, I fear, the clothes also touched the wet. Then came quickly a beatific smile, which persisted as she delightedly made her way across the remaining half of the watery diameter to the further edge of the pool. Here stood a pleasant-looking building, and on its steps a pleasanter-looking woman, to whom came the wading child, smile, wetness, and all, in serene happiness. For was not this the people's palace, with this attendant to wait upon this small representative of the sovereign owners, seeing that she came to no harm?

Other cities have wading pools, I now know, but each time I return to Buffalo, and get the spirit of this one, I thank God on the spot for the civilization of his Christianity, which alone makes men see to it that the children may play and grow and run and wade, in happy safety!

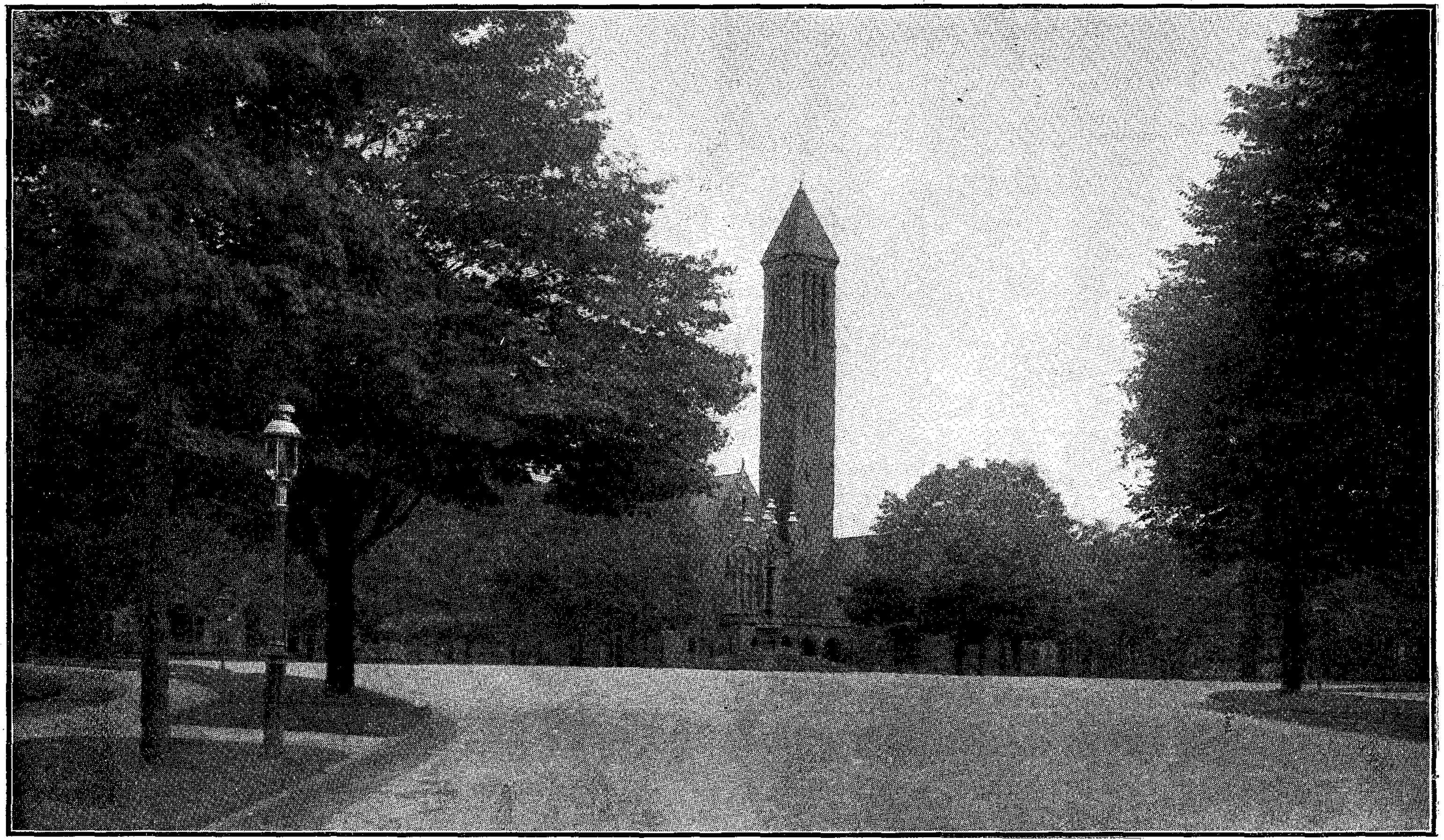
So, indeed, are Buffalo's parks, though all too scant in present area for her teeming thousands, a very proper glory of the city. Even though limited in extent, it is only right to say that every square foot counts and is available, and that the parkway connections bring the parks to the people most efficiently.

We may well continue our retracing journey along Humboldt Parkway, reentering Delaware Park and keeping on to its western edge, where stands a permanent and majestic structure, surely a pride and a glory of Buffalo—the Albright Art Gallery. Of noble proportions, nobly placed, it ministers to every sense of beauty and fitness, while its pure Ionic columns lead the eye and the mind up above the workaday world. And it is for the people, emphatically, as I realized completely when its donor told me of a visit to it on the previous Sunday, when he found himself personally acquainted with but two individuals out of the four thousand who reverently traversed its stately interior.



DELAWARE AVENUE

This, the people's palace of the fine arts of painting and sculpture, is itself a glory of the fine art of architecture, for it has been characterized as the best example of pure Greek architecture to be found in America. Impressive in its proportions as one approaches from the main avenue of travel on the west, it is even more impressive from Delaware Park on the east, because there it is



THE CIRCLE

seen on the gentle eminence which it crowns. Standing between the splendid monoliths which support the eastern approach to its central statuary court, the view as one looks over the people's lake into the greenery of the people's park is not merely beautiful—it is inspiring in the extreme. For is not all this, the very essence of the fine arts of the world, for the "plain people" in a hustling, busy, commercially successful city? And is it not so because of the spirit of those same people, themselves providing the green park setting, while one of them contributes to his fellows the gem?

Of the interior detail of this lovely gallery I may write only in close restraint, by reason of my own limitations of technical knowledge. That in a peculiar sense it is satisfying and uplifting I know, for I have always felt the uplift. That in a special way it is of the people I also know, for I have enjoyed one of the frequent loan exhibitions in the Albright Art Gallery, in pleasant company with the business men who—astonishing fact!—themselves support and foster and personally enjoy the great work. In it is an Art School, and the energetic promoter of corporate affairs who proudly showed me its appointments and described its useful service to the people was also its enthusiastic head for the current year.

One thing I must mention of this art gallery, in justice, and perhaps as a further glory of the whole enterprise—the unusual taste shown in its interior fittings of floor and wall surface, and the really remarkable discrimination which so places the paintings hung as to make them most completely effective. One is drawn irresistibly through a corridor by the cunningly placed color-study at its extreme end, only to find, as he turns, that he has just walked away from an arrangement quite as effective. The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has not indefinite resources, but it uses most wisely what it has, and with results out of all proportion to the means. And the people of Buffalo who accumulate works of the great masters of painting seem to do so with a full thought of the loan exhibitions in this great gallery which will cause their treasures to become fully available to the throngs of workers in iron and wood, in machinery and in trade, who here come in touch with the spirit of art as they visit freely on Sundays.

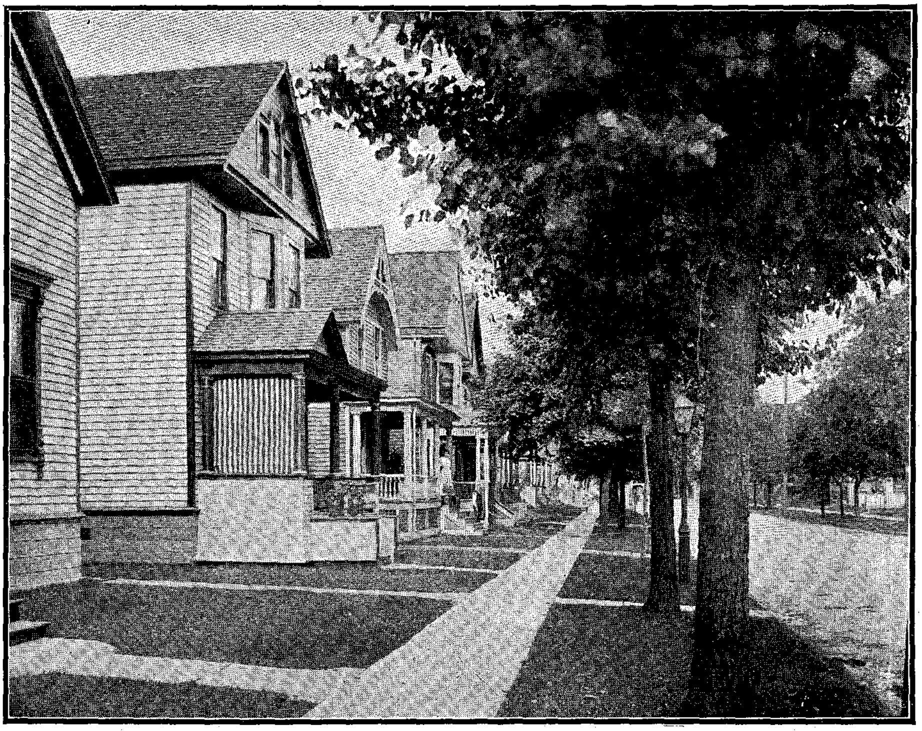
That in this gallery are displayed as chief treasures full-size original models of two of Saint-Gaudens's noblest achievements is a justifiable pride of its management. The wonderful Shaw Memorial is thus here in completeness, even though not in the enduring bronze of its Boston home. The original plaster model of the Stevenson Memorial, one of the strongest conceptions of the great sculptor, draws its thousands to do honor alike to the sweet soul whose life inspired it and the great genius who made it. This model was given to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy by Mr. Saint-Gaudens, the bronze being installed in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. A further connection with America's greatest sculptor is found in the four monumental figures for the caryatid porticoes of the north and south wings of the gallery, which, the last works of the artist, are about to be put in place. It is not improper to note that these figures were paid for in a spirit which made the return to the uncommercial sculptor perhaps the most considerable in his life.

I wonder whether my readers have noticed an approach I have been making to the energizing glory of Buffalo in these appreciative remarks of her inhabitants and their deeds? For I am constrained to feel that in a notable way Buffalo's men are her glory. There is no invidious comparison in mind in this statement. These business men, who conduct large enterprises, and who, by all the rules of the game, ought to be as characteristically selfish as men of affairs are supposed to be, seem very much otherwise. They have liberally laid out and liberally maintained their city, creating largely that civic beauty which is pure utility. Their courage and public spirit enabled them to follow Chicago's "White City" with their unique Pan-American Exposition, and not to suffer in fair comparison, while they shouldered alone and successfully the financial load.

I know of cities in which improvements—as water, sewers, paving, parks—grudgingly follow after the distant building line; but in Buffalo these adjuncts have preceded settlement and home erection. When a certain notable National industry sent out a call for the presentation of advantages, in thought of removing its great works, Buffalo's committee of the Chamber of Commerce spoke with dignity and restraint, and I have read with admiration their statement for the city, so pleasingly differing from the usual flamboyant promotion literature.

Such a city, developed as Buffalo has been, rapidly but solidly, ought to be reflected in its people. Indeed, my study of cities convinces me that in a curious way the composite personality of a community is quite adequately to be noted in the countenance of its citizens. I could, if this were not a "glory" series, give some pictorial examples that would be unpleasantly recognizable! But the picture of the Buffalonian composite would stand all tests, I am sure, and show forth as an example of the best in aspiring America, tempered by I know not what strain of Old World æstheticism.

Buffalo is growing, and her expanding manufactures and commerce demand increasing population. I will spare readers the statistical suggestion that her output of automobiles could haul the German army, or that her stock of lumber on hand is sufficient to build a fence around the moon; but I can properly say that a single metal industry is coming to use more than ten thousand workers. They must be aliens, and the aliens come in train-loads. Wanting to know of them, I talked with a city official—a keen, acquainted, observant man. He knew his localities, and his troubles—for he had to do with the public order—yet he was cheerful and optimistic. He had seen the natives of Poland, uncouth, ignorant, not clean, rapidly improve as they "caught on." The dirty home surroundings of the first-year Italian immigrants he had noticed give way to flower gardens as soon as a near-by park gave the public suggestion. The other European nationalities held no discouragements for this practical man, and he laughed at the idea of America being overwhelmed by the class of immigrants Mr. Watchorn now lets through his Ellis



TYPICAL EAST SIDE HOMES

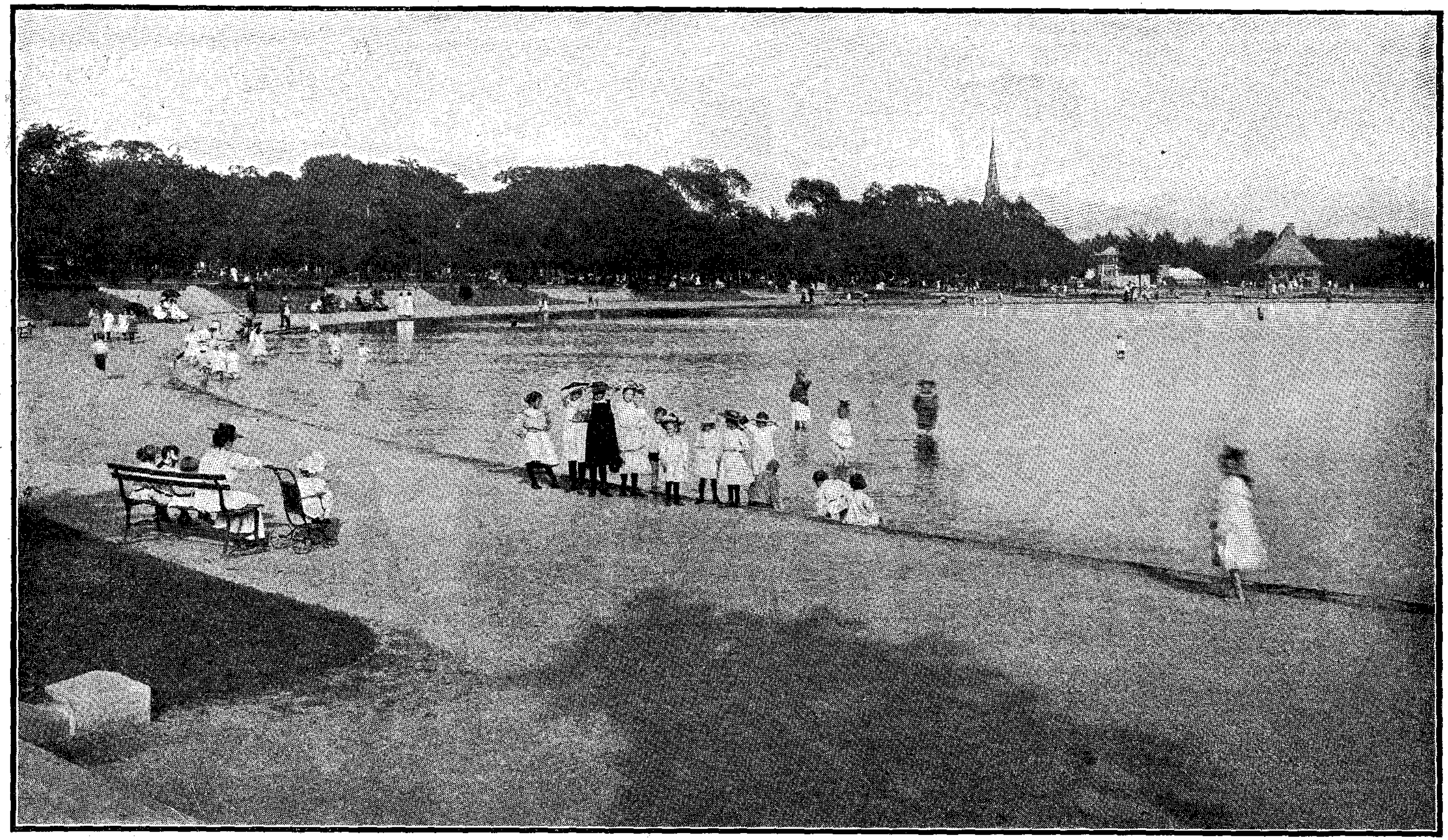
Island gateway. "No, Buffalo isn't being swamped," he said. "We want them, these husky men and women; we'll make Americans of them in short order, with our parks and our schools, and our policemen won't be too much overworked while they are learning the difference between liberty and license."

So Buffalo has a great man-factory, in full operation; and her product, educated in her schools, soothed in her parks, beauty-fed all about her streets and in her art gallery, is of Uncle Sam's best sons in a generation.

After all, and before all, this spirit of manhood that makes a city great is a God-inspired spirit. I found an outbreaking instance of this, but I had to dig hard to get the facts from the modest men of means who did a fine thing, and did it so quietly that their left hands hardly found it out. In the usual movement of business, the churches followed the residences "uptown," until fourteen of them had emigrated from the business district. There remained a certain Episcopal church—a really fine building, in the thick center of commercial affairs—and it was doomed. To have all the neighborhood given over to trade seemed wrong to one well-to-do Presbyterian, wherefore he made a quiet suggestion to some of his friends, mostly not members of the threatened church. The result cost him $150,000 and his friends $100,000, with which the church was permanently and securely endowed. But there was a proviso—that a short service be held every week day at noon, providing a quick refuge for the tried soul, a resting-place for the weary brain, right in the heat and the heart of the business rush. The church stands there now, and does its beneficent work, no less a monument to the Creator than a memorial to the fine spirit of service that Christianity has caused thus to flower in the hearts of supposedly sordid men.

There appeared another instance of service in connection with a business so vast as to require the services of some twelve hundred young women as clerks in its office. The unique building housing these workers is provided with filtered and washed air, cooled in summer and warmed in winter. A mutually run

TYPICAL HOMES OF THE COMFORTABLY RICH



WADING POND IN HUMBOLDT PARK

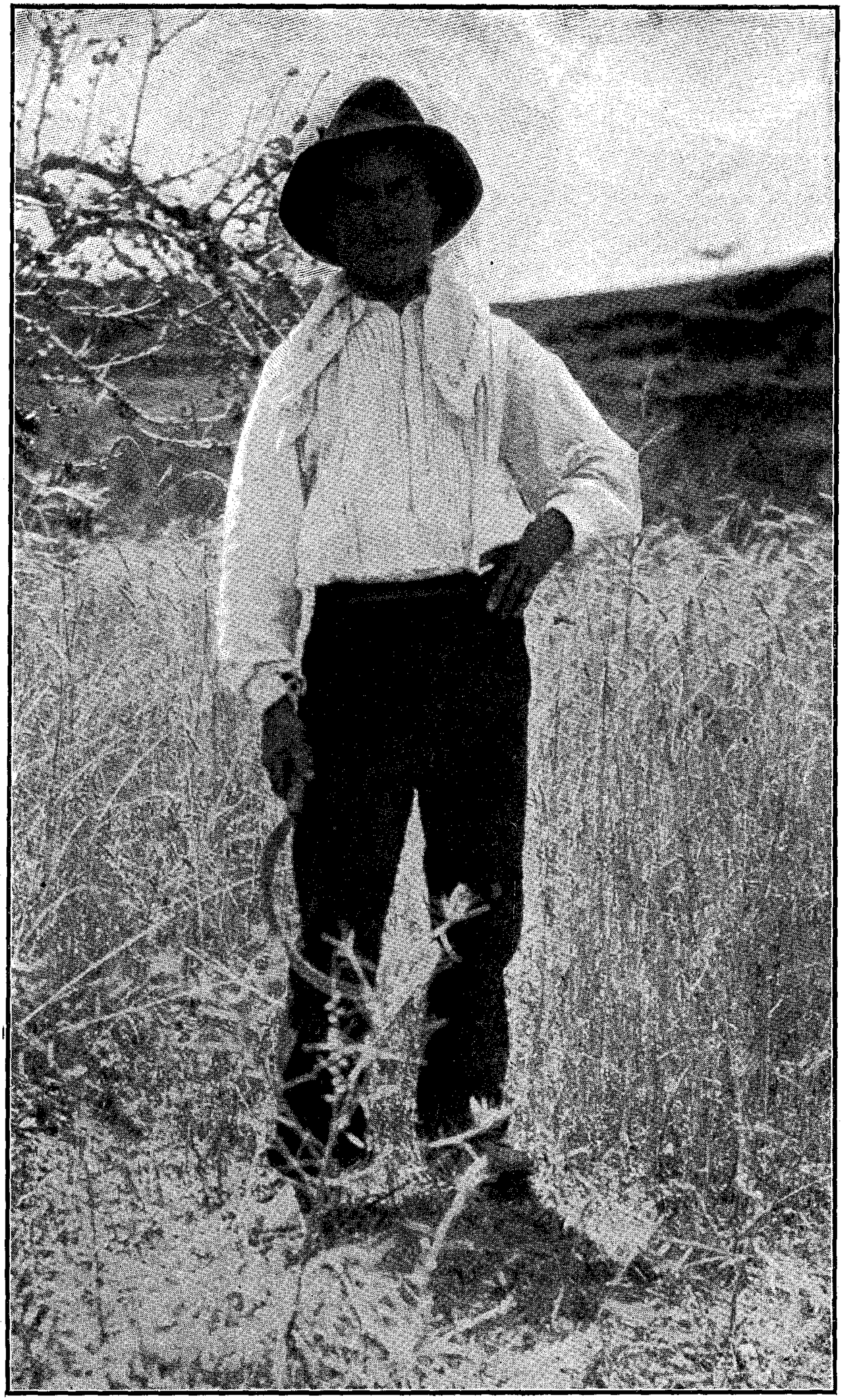
restaurant, a rest parlor, a piano, and many pleasant things about, together with the entire absence of patronage in this service to others, seemed to me to make especially pleasing the motto, stone-carved above a fountain, "Honest labor needs no master—simple justice needs no slaves."

Hardly less impressive to me—a confessed "crank" in the crusade against the bill-board ugliness which is endeavoring selfishly to prevail in and about all American communities—is Buffalo's notable attitude as to obtrusive advertising signs. In many cities the bill-board men have taken refuge in the "sacred" right of private property, and have defied regulation, restraint, and limitation. But Buffalo has a charter which gives her some unique rights of self-government. Outraged by the "Gunning system" sky-scraper sign incursions, an ordinance was passed limiting signs to seven feet in height. Did the Gunning system accept? No; it defied the law. Able city officials have recently affirmed the rights of the people through all the courts, and while signs yet disagreeably pervade, Judge Lacombe's decision downs the double-deckers.

An eminent physician and educator, himself completely opposed to certain movements fostered by the business men of Buffalo, spoke to me admiringly of these men, nevertheless. Said he, "Society here is exceedingly good; there are a great many cultivated and educated people, with almost an entire absence of what might be called 'the fast set.'" I think Buffalo can spare the latter, and glory in her deprivation!

There are great things yet to be done for the public in Buffalo. Indeed, one of these great things concerns all America; for many experiences cause me to surmise that if one sat long enough in the so-called Union Station on Exchange Street in Buffalo, he would be certain to see, passing through, any particular friend from anywhere, in this real "exchange." But what an unpleasant wait it would be, in a dirty, inadequate, ill-managed, and utterly inexcusable place that was a nuisance in Pan-American times and is a positive scandal now! Maintained by a railway calling itself great, it is great only in its discomforts and dangers, and in its daily showing of how very poorly poor facilities can be handled, when those who must use them have prepaid their passage. The responsibility for the continuance of this vast impropriety is said to rest upon the people of Buffalo, who, while realizing that it hurts them to have such an entrance, and vigorously trying to rid themselves of grade crossings, have in some way failed in adequately dealing with the thirteen railways that enter the city. Some time, and soon, I hope, Buffalo will have a real Union Station which will unite facilities rather than annoyances, and which will be universally recognized to be architecturally fine as well as practically complete.

But, aside from this somewhat large fly in the ointment, Buffalo has so many glories, and is an American city of such fine spirit and fine accomplishments, that many other communities may well turn to her as an example and an inspiration. Hail, Buffalo!



A YOUNG CALABRIAN, WHO HAD BROUGHT BACK FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM AMERICA, BUT WHO STILL USED THE MOST PRIMITIVE FARMING IMPLEMENTS

WHENCE CAME THEY?

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

WHENCE came they? Doubtless this question has framed itself in the minds of many persons as they have stood in front of the big immigration building on Ellis Island and watched the men, women, and children in their foreign dress pouring across the plaza from the barges, to be swallowed up by the wide portals of the station—three thousand, four thousand, five thousand, in the course of a cycle of twenty-four hours. While looking upon the broad bosom of some majestically rolling river, one wonders if the source may never be drained. So one wonders on beholding the flow of this great human river.

On May 31, last year, as I stood in the "new port" at Naples, the query framed itself in my mind. Before me moved a line of Italian men, women, and children, two thousand strong, dragging bundles after them. A United States hospital surgeon, officially protecting the health of America—really advising the steamship companies, in addition, who would be rejected at Ellis Island—was turning inside out the eyelids and running his hands through the hair of each as the line slowly passed him. The inspection card of each was duly stamped with the American consular seal, and one by one the procession of short, bronzed Sicilians and Calabrians filed out, the pamphlet-like Italian passport in hand. Whence came they?

A few days later I was on the Palermo express bound for Calabria and Sicily. The sun had set behind the Vomero and the stolid walls of St. Elmo. As we rolled around the foot of the soft green and garnet slope of Vesuvius, through the orange groves and vineyards, the heavy perfume of blossoms drifted in through the open window. It was not yet so dark that one could not rejoice in the riot of color that contributes so much to the enchantment of Neapolitan scenery. In the foreground were the red of fields of poppies, the yellow-green of festoons of grape-vines swinging between the trees, and the soft pink and gray of the villas and old houses. Behind this was the blue of the Gulf of Naples, which, on the horizon, was softened into the dreamy blue of the cloud-shapes of Capri and Sorrento. As one looked out upon the fields with their high walls, watered by the contents of wells drawn forth by crude wooden mechanisms operated by the stolid and omnipresent donkey, one understood why the Italians in America are so successful as growers of garden truck. The Italian, however weary he may be, is never-ending in his care of his piece of ground. He, his barefooted "signora," and their children are always occupied in the field, working with unflagging energy to make their slender patch "blossom as the rose." They, too, are artists, with an annual renaissance to their credit.

Calabria's morning greeting was a characteristic picture of herself. On the left of the train were almost treeless hills, rocky as a New England hillside and deeply scored with dry, stony watercourses. On the right lay the Mediterranean with waters as many-hued as those of Capri, yellow, sea-green, blue, violet, purple. The train was traveling through a lane bounded by Nature's barbed-wire fencing, the thick-tongued cactus and the century plant, and geraniums, red and pink, in blossom. Here and there one saw one-story, tile-roofed houses, gray with the mold of time, standing in the middle of tiny farms set off by cactus hedges. Although it was only 5:30 o'clock when I raised my curtain and looked out, men were already in the fields tearing up the soil with a Calabrian plow, a large-bladed hoe, and afloat watching for swordfish. Barefooted girls, with flowing kerchiefs on their heads, tending grazing giant gray cattle, waved their hands to the train as it ambled past them. In the door of a hut near the track sat a mother with a naked babe on her lap, the morning sun bathing its fat, ruddy body.

The sun glared hotly down out of an unclouded blue sky. I raised the hood of the *carrozza* as it turned up the long street which leaves Messina by way of the valley of the dry river-bed and climbs over the treeless hills to Gesso. For two hours we climbed at snail's pace along the hard, white macadamized ribbon that winds back and forth, labyrinthine fashion, through the convolutions of the hills, until the mind is ready to believe that a map of it would look like a seismograph record and all sense of the points of the compass is lost. But if the mind can no longer follow the turnings of the road, the imagination has opportunity to regale itself upon almost celestial food. As one climbs, wider and wider views are caught of the band of deep blue water flowing between Scylla and Charybdis, ancient Rhegium gleaming on the far side, and the theatrical background of deeply scored Calabrian hills, their colors of garnet, pink, and green softened by a blue haze. We stopped a moment to rest the horses and moisten their mouths at a wayside trough; two or three high, two-wheeled farm carts drawn by small horses trapped in red and brass, and driven by good-natured peasants, approached. The carts were gay with scenes from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," and Sicilian history, painted in the primary colors, on their sides.

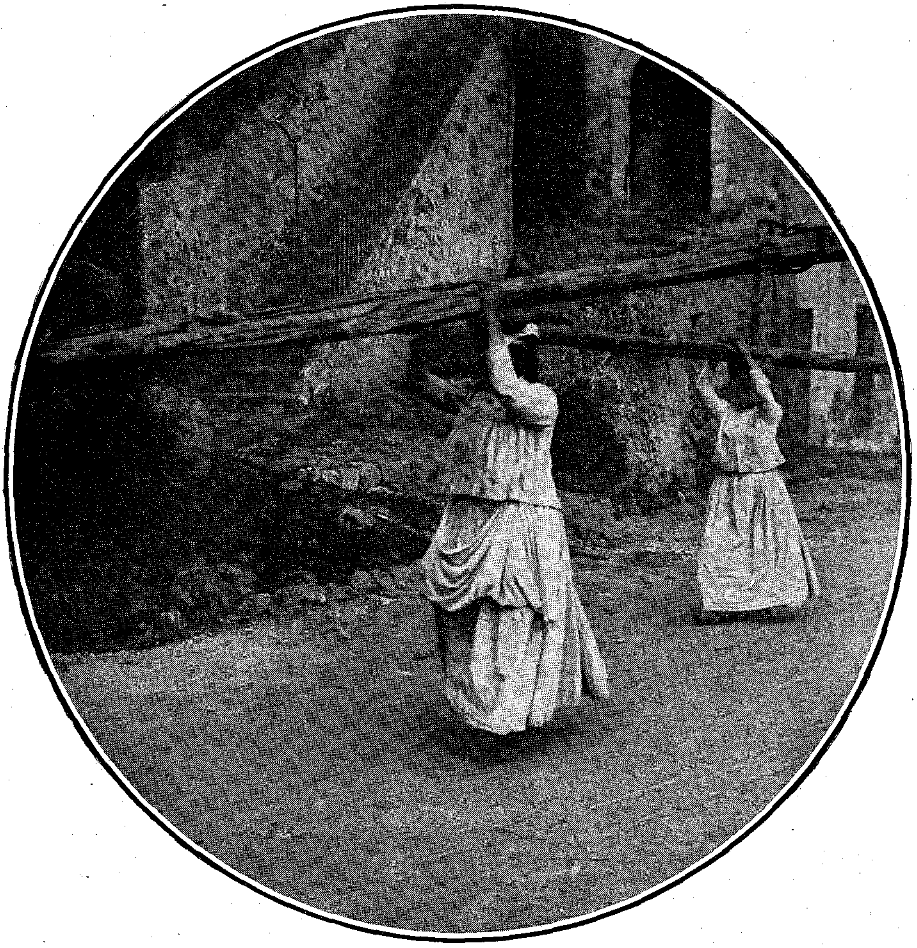
A herd of goats tended by a bronzed and wrinkled ancient scrambled up the steep bank as we rounded the shoulder of the summit and the expanse of the Mediterranean greeted one's vision and the eyes focused on the Lipari Islands and the smoking, truncated cone of Stromboli.

An hour's ride down the mountainside brought us to Gesso. On the outskirts of the town I left the carriage and walked down through the main street. It was almost as deserted as the streets of Pompeii. The appearance of an American drew forth from the dank, stone-flagged houses scores of women, children, and wrinkled old men. One was surprised to see so few young and middle-aged men. The reason was given by the syndic, or mayor. They were in America. A few years ago Gesso had a population of nearly six thousand persons. To-day the houses with the worm-eaten wooden doors are peopled by only about eighteen hundred women, children, and old men, who are supported largely by money sent home from America by the able-bodied men who have gone hence.

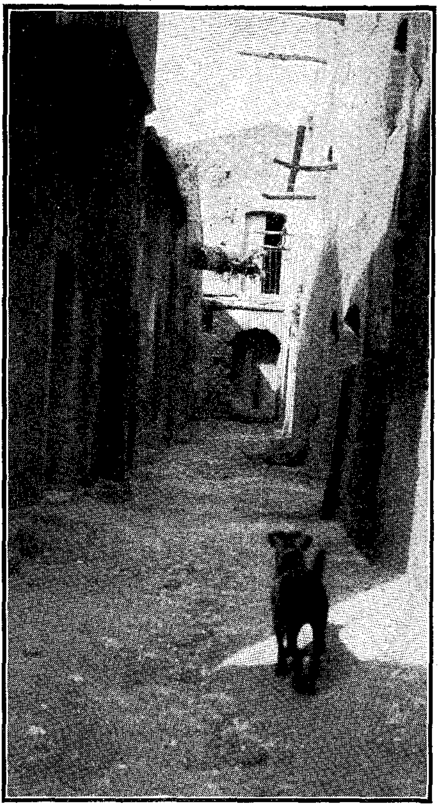
In a crowd of children that followed me as if I were some Pied Piper was a hunchbacked youth. Had he any relatives in America? Yes, two brothers and a brother-in-law, in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. He had wished to go himself, but had been rejected at Naples because of his bent back. The effectiveness of the American law excluding those of poor physique was demonstrated in the residuum of men in Gesso. In the course of an hour's walk through the town I did not see a dozen men in the prime of life.

I came upon a small piazza in front of the ruined walls of a deserted church. From the parapet one looked across a valley with precipitous sides, whose mazy windings were marked by the gray line of a waterless river-bed. Crowning the hill on the far side as one looked toward the snow-streaked, cloud-wreathed summit of Etna was a village apparently of the same size and population as Gesso. Within a few years this village, Serro by name, had also lost two-thirds of its population, declared my volunteer guide, a man who had been a barber in Philadelphia, and therefore could speak a little English. Its able-bodied men, also, had gone to America. As one looked upon the steep hillsides on every hand, hillsides so precipitous that one wondered if the goats could scramble along them, one realized why Gesso and Serro helped to answer the query, "Whence came they?"

The day spent at Reggio di Calabria, while waiting for the automobile which was to take us over the mountains of Calabria and Basilicata to Naples, was occupied in visiting Gallina, a name which, being interpreted, means "chicken," a village a few miles behind Reggio. It was a hot, dusty ride up the mountainside, but there was a compensating reward which included more than the beautiful view of the blue Strait of Messina and the rugged mountains of Sicily terminating in Etna, with its snow collar, pouring forth a boiling cloud. Again I was to see "whence they came." Passing through a small village, many of the houses of which had an appearance of newness and were said to have been built by American money, we came upon a town different from many Italian communities. Instead of being compactly built with narrow streets, its houses, like those of a New England village, were assembled about a green upon which the church fronted. Leaving the teams to rest in the shade of the trees which bordered the green, we inquired for the syndic. We were led across another square devoid of grass, and like a furnace under the rays of the midday sun. Entering one of the rectangular two-story cement-covered houses of the type seen in all Italian towns, we climbed a flight of narrow stairs. We were shown into a



HOW THE WOMEN WORK IN CALABRIA



rear room, occupied by cheap furniture. The nature and arrangement of the furniture reminded one of a lodge-room in a small American town. On the tables were inkstands and trays of gray sand for blotting the writings of those who used the tables. Apparently the room was the village Council Chamber. Villagers gathered about the door. A short, slender man with long, narrow head, high forehead, bulging eyes, and long, tapering fingers, and wearing rusty, loose-fitting black clothes invited us to sit down. When he learned our mission, he began to talk. The baron, for so he proved to be, spoke with his hands and lips in the fashion of a Southern Italian, which seems so unnecessarily vehement to the Anglo-Saxon. His remarks were much more pleasing to see than those of the average Southern Italian, for his words were cleanly cut, and his gesticulations, emphasized by his slender fingers, very precise.

"The people were very poor," said he, "when emigration began. Few went at first, but when the money began to come back, the numbers increased. Now no one is satisfied to stay at home. There are a thousand in America now, and remaining in the commune are perhaps eight thousand. Three hundred or more go every year to America. They send back from 200,000 to 300,000 lire

THE STREETS OF A CALABRIAN TOWN, "ALMOST AS DESERTED AS THE STREETS OF POMPEII"

[$40,000 to $50,000] in the course of the year." Then the gesticulations of the rusty little baron with the prominent forehead and large eyes seemed to grow more precise and emphatic, if that were possible. "When the people come back from America with money," he continued, "they are not so modest, so humble. They are not so willing to work. The people go now to get rich."

I wondered if he were one of those of the landholding class who are having difficulty in securing labor for their estates and are obliged to pay more than the former eighteen or twenty cents a day for it.

On the following day we set forth in the automobile from Reggio. Rounding a jutting point of rock about twenty miles from that city, we came upon a scene described by "'Omer, when 'e smote 'is bloomin' lyre"—a strand extending to where "fell Scylla rises," and the rock itself. Its summit shrouded "in brooding tempests and in rolling clouds," we did not fear Scylla's bellowing from "the dire abodes," but swept along towards the castle-crowned rock and Scilla, the town, which stretches along the strand and climbs the hillside to the cathedral in the shadow of the castle, with perfect confidence in the efficiency with which the fane was holding down the lid over this fabled entrance to Hades. Scilla, too, we learned by conversation with the inhabitants who gathered as soon as we stopped on the hill, was one of the towns from "whence they come." Nearly a fifth of the former population of less than ten thousand had gone to the land across the Atlantic.

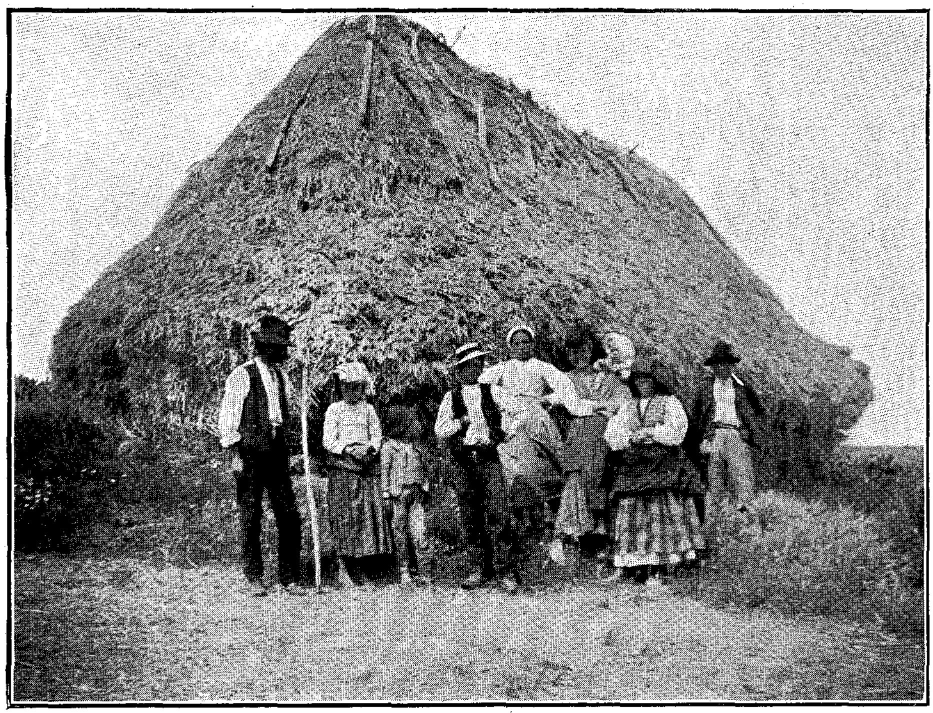
By the time we had become accustomed to looking upon impending death from collisions with flocks of sheep and goats and herds of pigs and giant Calabrian oxen as we coasted around the curves into them, we reached Bagnara. This town, perhaps twenty-five miles from Reggio, lies stretched out in irregular fashion on the side of a precipitous hill overlooking the sea. The crest of the hill was swathed in clouds. Innumerable barefooted women, girls, and children swarmed along the streets, but of middle-aged men there were comparatively few. Authors of guide-books credit Bagnara with being celebrated for the beauty of its women. Evidently they based their knowledge on one another's works. Perhaps in the days when the first of these guide-book writers gave Bagnara this reputation it was true; but one's impression to-day is that the beauty has all been turned into physical strength. There were women and girls carrying all manner of burdens upon their heads, even logs and building material. Filling the rôle of hod-carrier, they took mortar to the tops of new houses. One rather slender girl, whose father was in America, was pointed out as having a capacity of two hundred kilograms, or nearly four hundred and fifty pounds. She and many of the other women knitted as they walked, presenting a curious contrast of masculine and feminine toil.

Walking down the main street while some repairs were being made to the automobile, we passed a church in which a funeral service was being held with much pomp. Stretching in front of the edifice, and overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean breaking on the rocky shore below, was a handsome piazza. This, we were informed, had been constructed with money earned in America. Thus was America helping to beautify the world.

"Bagnara," said a sub-agent of a steamship line, as we stood in a room of the *albergo*, "has lost one-quarter of her people. Four thousand have gone to Buenos Aires and North America."

Wherever we went we found some one who had relatives in America or who had been there. We stopped at Battiro, and a man beside the road who had returned home after living several years in Buenos Aires said that four hundred of its former population of fourteen hundred were in North and South America. From Monteleone, which stands on the site of the ancient Greek city of Hippo, five hundred had gone to both Americas, and three times as many from the surrounding country. At the mountain town of Tiriolo a group of men gathered around the machine, while comely women in the most picturesque costumes to be found in Calabria stood off a few paces and watched the proceedings about the curious vehicle. Tiriolo, occupying an aerial site thousands of feet above sea level and among surroundings that reminded one of the Tyrol, seemed too far away from the world to have sent out any emigrants. Of a former population of six thousand, however, one thousand had found their way to Naples from their mountain home and sailed for America. The number is being increased by upwards of two hundred each year. A young man pushed through the crowd to the side of the automobile. In English, spoken almost without accent, he said that he had been a barber in Pittsburgh, but had come home to do military service. He added that he preferred America to Italy, and might go back again.

Beyond the old city of Cosenza we crossed the Busento River, in whose bed in the neighborhood Alaric, King of the Goths, was buried, and climbed up the steep side of a hill crowned by the ancient town of Tarsia. Our slow progress up the zigzag road was watched by the inhabitants of the town, who looked down at us from their balconies as from battlements, and who could be seen passing along the news of our approach, so we were not astonished to find a crowd assembled in the town street when we finally reached it. Scores of women gathered around the automobile when we stopped to ask the usual questions. Practically all the men in this village of eighteen hundred souls were in America, and the land proprietors were offering the almost unprecedented wages of four and five lire a day, eighty cents and a dollar American, for laborers to gather the ripened harvest.



"A CALABRIAN HOME AND ITS INMATES"

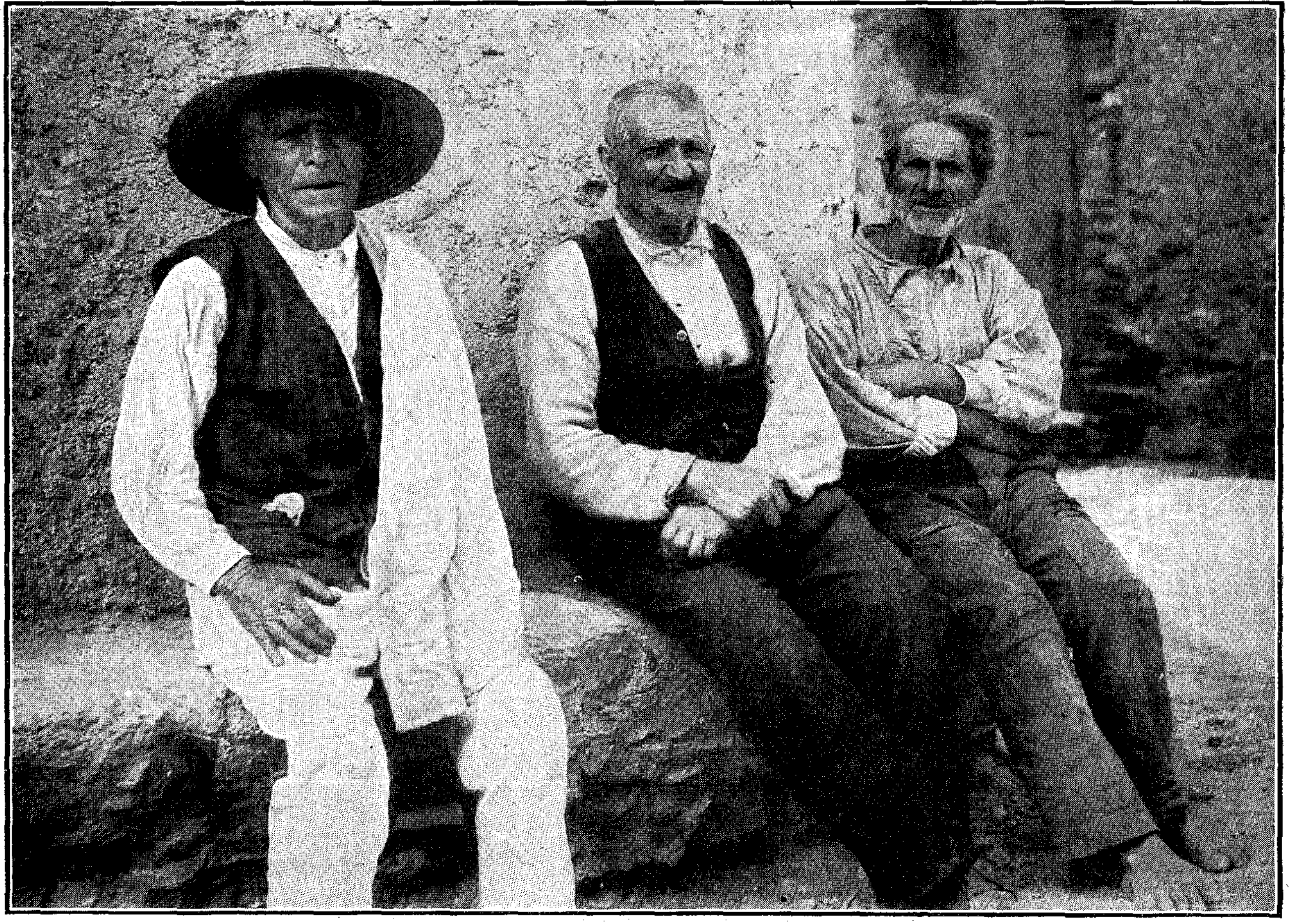
One met, in the most unexpected places, people who had been in the New World or who had relatives there. On the way up to Gallina from Reggio I saw a young Calabrian cutting wheat in a neighboring field with a hand sickle of a design used by the Egyptians at the time the Israelites were marching out of that opulent land. I had been wishing to secure a photograph showing the primitive methods in use in the fields of southern Italy and Sicily, where until recently labor has been so cheap that the proprietors have not deemed it worth while to spend money for labor-saving machinery. So I picked up my camera from the bottom of the carriage and started down the hill, dodging among the prickly cactuses as I ran. As I reached the shadow of the cactus hedge which bounded the piece of ground that was being harvested, these words floated over it and my head: "Here, you —— —— fool!" That could have been learned only in America, so when I climbed up out of the ditch beneath the hedge I called out, "Buon giorno," in my heartiest tones, and followed it immediately with, "You been in New York?" in abbreviated English, confident of receiving an affirmative reply in the same tongue. If he was angry at my invasion of his field, he was over it now, and welcomed me most cordially. In the conversation in English which followed he said that he had been in America four years, and had worked on the railway at Dobbs Ferry.

"Shall you go back to America again?"

"I rich, I bring back fifteen hundred dollars," was the reply, which suggested that he had no intention of doing so.

"Si, si, signor," said he, with a broad smile, when I proposed taking his picture. As I left the field, he thanked me for taking the photograph. He displayed a confidence in himself, a quickness of perception, and an energy that suggested that his contact with America had been of value. One could not but conclude, however, that his education in the United States had not brought him in contact with agricultural operations.

"MEN WERE ALREADY IN THE FIELDS TEARING UP THE SOIL WITH THE CALABRIAN PLOW, A LARGE-BLADED HOE"



ONLY THE OLD MEN AND THE INCAPABLES REMAIN IN MANY ITALIAN TOWNS

The homes of many of the Calabrians in the central part of the province are simply straw-covered hovels such as one would not expect to find any nearer home than the interior of the Philippines. They look like great stacks of straw, and help to explain why some Italians are unacquainted with the modern conveniences of a New York tenement-house. One afternoon, on passing one of these homes (!), and seeing a half-dozen or more men, women, and children about it, I stopped, and ran back to secure a picture of both the people and their home. There was little difficulty in obtaining the consent of the group to be photographed when they learned that I was from the United States, for America meant much to one woman who held a babe in her arms. Proudly she told of the twenty-year-old son in that far-away country, who was making eight lire a day.

"And how much did he make at home?"

"One lira," said she, with a laugh. So the group, the woman laughing the while, posed for the man from America, the foreign country which had been brought so near home to them through one of their number.

Whence came they? The question is answered for one who has seen men, such as he at Termini Imerese, Sicily, who told of twenty-two relatives in the Republic across the Atlantic, and who has visited communities which are truly deserted villages.

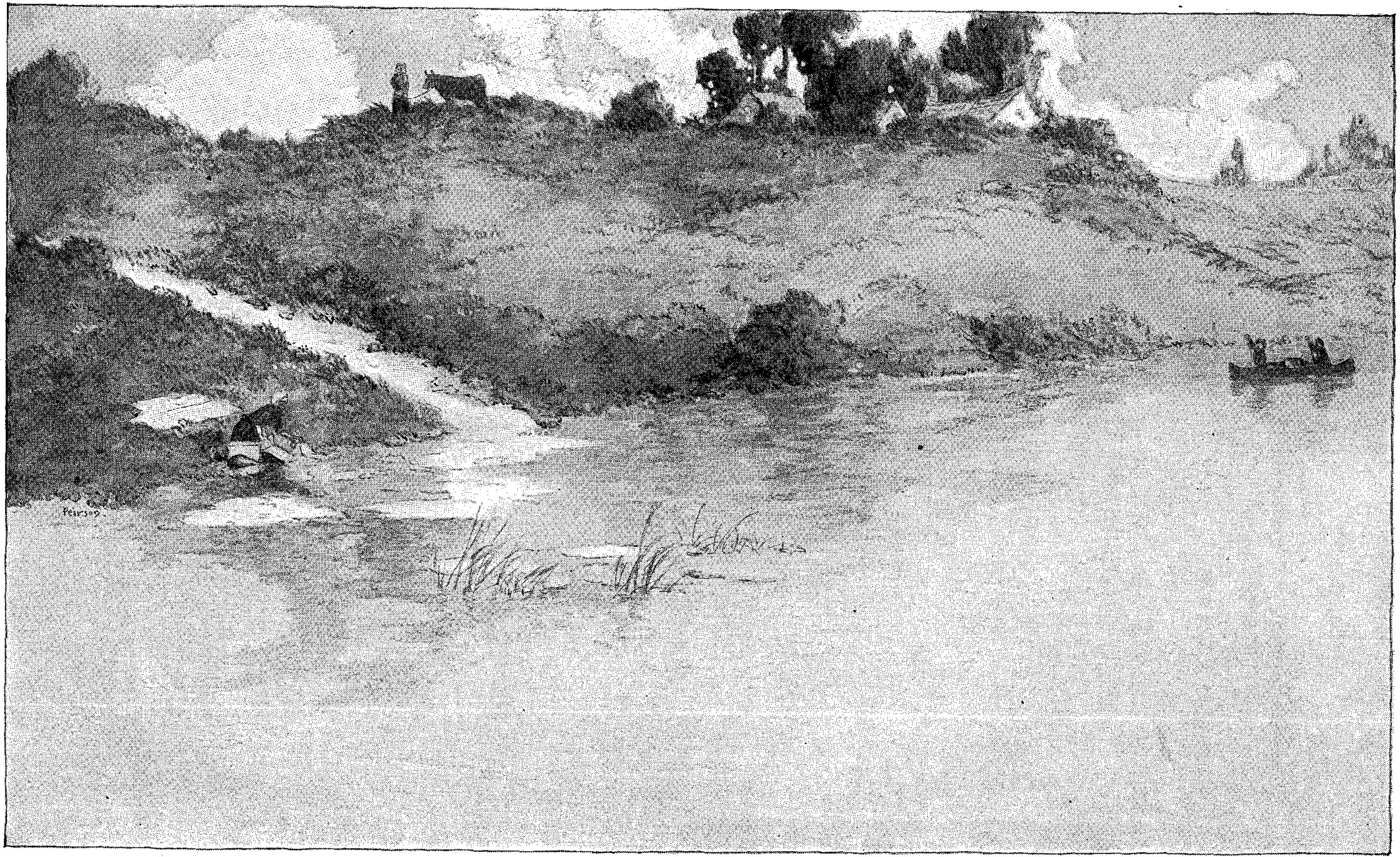
What are the forces which have loosened up the avalanche of human beings from the hillsides of southern Italy and Sicily? And how does this little-traveled people reach this far land whither they would go?

As we were leaving Reggio we saw women washing wearing apparel in the Strait of Messina. Near by, watching them, stood a representative of Italy's financial system. A coast-guard protecting Italy's salt monopoly against invasion, he was scrutinizing the wringing of each article and the pails, in order to prevent the removal of any salt water for the purposes of evaporation!

On the day previous, while on the way to Gallina, as we reached the outskirts of the city we saw two donkeys with panniers laden with garden truck stop in front of the neatest of the two-story houses. A man in uniform who had been sitting in front of the door in the shade of the house arose, and the gardener who sat on the first donkey gave him some small coin. The house was the local *dogana* or custom-house, and the uniformed man was the collector of the *octroi*.

Burdensome taxes, which are especially irksome because they are visible in the every-day activities, form one of the forces. Poverty, formerly more common than now, is another. Supporting a family on wages not exceeding twenty cents a day, coupled with occasional bad crops and land taxes that take sometimes as much as a quarter of one's income from the soil, is not a joyous round of gayety even in Italy, where living is relatively low in cost. One is not surprised to hear stories of brides pawning their dowries in order that their husbands of a few months may set off for a land where fortunes may be made in two or three years. The condition of the people is greatly changed now in many communities, for the influx of American money has paid debts, brought comparative comfort, and added to the landholdings of the peasants.

In the beginning, apparently, the emigrants were chiefly middle-aged men whose finances had reached a hopeless condition through poor crops and the payment of taxes, the demand for the latter being regular if the crops were not. They went to America, leaving their families at home, in the hope of repairing their fortunes. Money began to come back. Then the men came themselves. They wore better clothing than they had ever worn before. They had watches and chains. More than that, they had money, greater amounts than they had ever before possessed. The younger men, observing the success of the older ones, reasoned that by going to the United States they could avoid the troubles of the older men, and at their age be comfortably well off. Then wives, sweethearts, brothers, sisters, parents, were sent for, and in course of time—the avalanche.



"THE JOYS OF GOSSIP"

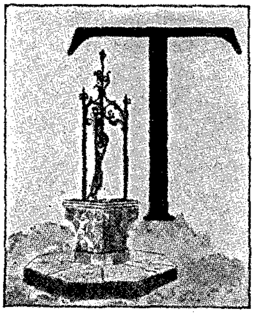
The Pleasant Land of France

Vagabond Glimpses of Two Old Provinces

By Harold and Madeline Howland

Illustrated with drawings by
Alden Peirson

Second Paper



THE day of our departure from Blois, on the second stage of our canoe trip down the Loire, was unmistakably one of Jean's "thirty clear days." But clear is too feeble an epithet. The rain and the winds, our adversaries for four days, had washed and swept the air till it fairly sparkled. The light that flooded the valley was brilliant without being harsh, and the varied greens of grass and leaves, the blue of the sky and the red of an occasional tiled roof, had the resonant quality of bell tones. Our nerves tingled, we sat very straight, and paddled with a snappy stroke quite unlike the listless dipping of the blade under lowering skies or its dogged thrust under the heartbreaking stress of head winds. For long our course was paralleled by the highroad, which afforded us a kind of running epitome of the life of the countryside. At times, where the road had dropped behind a bank, would appear a pair of white globes moving steadily along the parapet, like a couple of errant snow-balls. Soon the road would rise, and the mysterious apparition resolve itself into the spotless caps of two peasant women driving back from market, with their two-wheeled cart and a sedate little horse. Similarly an animated haystack traveling gayly over the country without visible attachment or guidance would presently disclose the underlying cart, the plodding horses, and the smocked and saboted driver. A soldier, in red trousers and blue jacket, cantering merrily toward Blois, added a dash of warm color and a suggestion of the world of action that seemed so far remote from this peaceful valley. A brake-load of young people went singing by; the smart carriage (buggy, rather, save for its foreign air) of the country doctor followed at a more moderate gait; and the van of an itinerant merchant made a spasmodic progress down the road, stopping at every cottage to dazzle the women folk with its store of bargains. Now and then the hoot of an automobile's horn and the beat of its engine invaded the stillness, and the rushing monster fled away down the river, leaving behind it great clouds of dust and a bad smell.

But all the life was not on the road. At intervals the curving current of the Loire had left a broad expanse of sand and shingle lying bare under one of its banks. At one such spot a group of peasants were loading two-wheeled carts with the gravel and hauling it away. Their unhurried movements, the patient demeanor of their sturdy horses, and the subdued creak of the cart-wheels as they slowly climbed the bank into the unknown country beyond, harmonized with the atmosphere of quiet and content that hung over the valley. Now and then the flash of the sun on an uplifted shovel, and the staccato bark of the dog who plainly owned the river and questioned our right to voyage upon it, accented and emphasized the quiet for eye and ear. Near another sand-bar three men in a long *bateau*, with sharp-pointed overhanging bow and stern, were dragging the gravel from the river-bed with long-handled rakes of curious design.

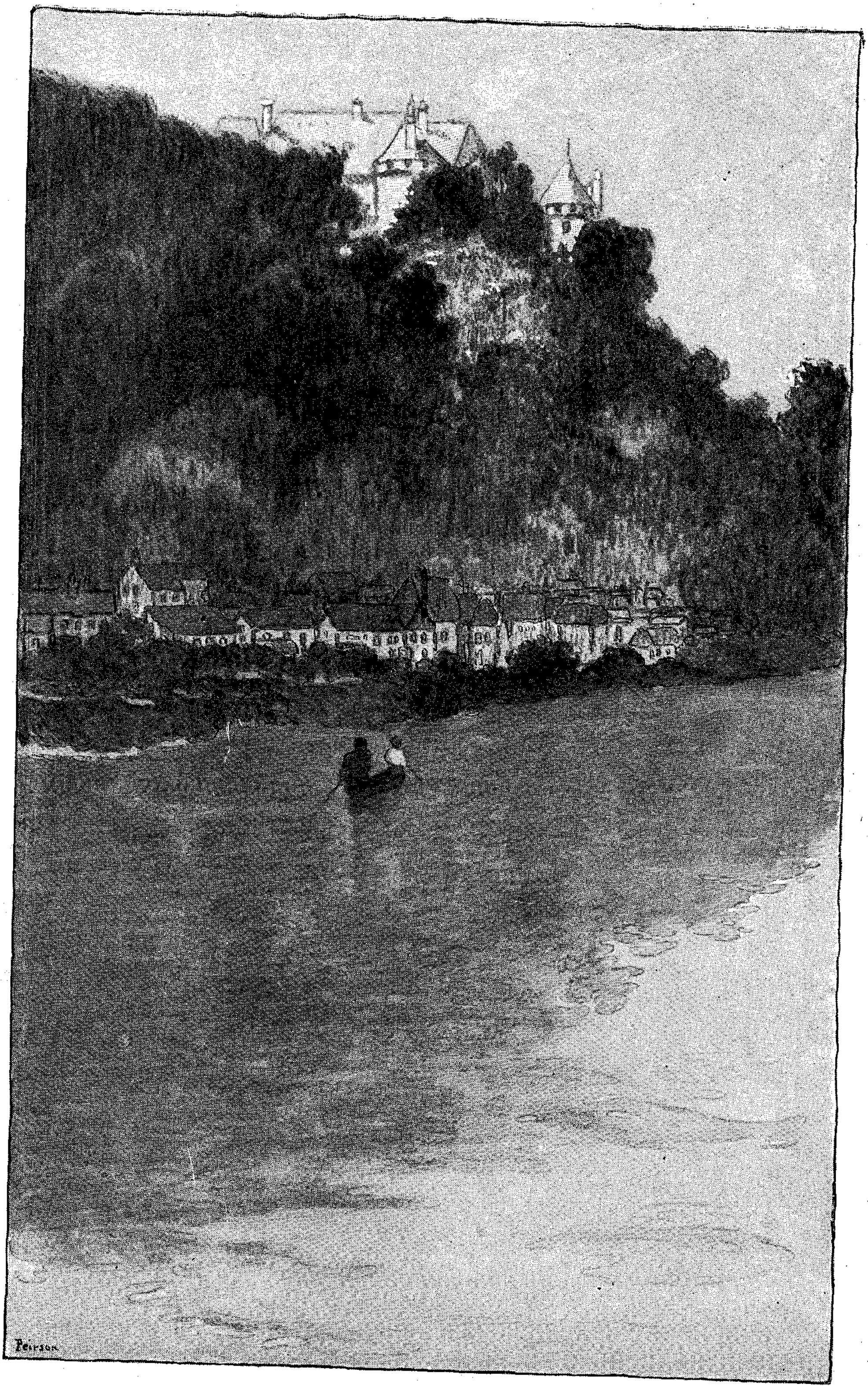
Where a little stream came down to join the great river, talking cheerily to itself in an undertone, a white-capped old peasant woman with kilted skirts belabored the family wash. As we passed, another woman leading a reluctant cow appeared on the high bank above, silhouetted against the blue sky. In a moment cow and linen were forgotten in the joys of gossip, so absorbing that even the passing of our canoe a dozen yards away went unobserved.

Farther down the river long nets were stretched on poles well across the channel, but looped up above the water's level, for the fishing season would not begin for a day or two yet. The fisherman, who was putting the last touches of repairs to his nets, lifted them still higher, and let us slip beneath, with a pleasant word of greeting.

So we voyaged under a glorious sky, and saw the life of the countryside flow by us. The morning's paddle brought us easily to Chaumont.

At this point M'sieur lays down his pen with a sigh. His recollections of the beauties of Chaumont are dimmed by the more poignant memory of the pangs of hunger that assailed him there. We arrived just at noon, quite the normal time to lunch, in view of a breakfast of chocolate and rolls and a subsequent three hours' paddle. But, for some reason unknown, we elected to visit the château first. We entered the town modestly through a small alley between gardens which led up from the river. Perhaps town is rather too spacious a title for the single street with its double row of houses which straggles along the foot of the hill upon the summit of which the château rests. But, though unpretentious, the village boasted the usual assortment of *boulangeries*, *patisseries*, *confiseries*, and *épiceries*, where we filled the lunch-basket, leaving it at the last little shop for future reference. We did not deign to ask our way, for there, plain to be seen on the heights above us, was the château. But alas for over-confidence! We climbed a steep, rough road which gave every sign of an honorable intention to lead us to our goal. But when, hot and breathless, we gained the summit, it was only to be lured a little farther and yet a little farther on, with not even a glimpse of the round towers of the castle to encourage us. And we were waxing hungrier with every step. Finally, after making several circles around the supposed site of the château, M'dame had a distant vision of a battlemented façade. The deceiving road was promptly abandoned and a bee line taken through stables and tenants' cottages.

Chaumont is neither stately nor impressive, but it has an air of sturdy strength and self-reliance. The arched gateway between two massive towers is guarded by a very real portcullis and drawbridge. On the occasion of our visit the drawbridge was up, and we crossed a narrow foot-bridge on the right and knocked at a small door—(we wished it were a postern, but since it was in front we are afraid it wasn't). In answer to our knock the door swung open, and there, filling the entrance, were two huge black dogs. It was something of a surprise, but the beasts had a benign expression of countenance, and the little old lady who peered over their backs hastened to assure us that they were "good." The concierge, it appeared, was engaged in conducting another party over the house; we could wait in the courtyard. For a time this was eminently satisfactory. The courtyard, inclosed on three sides, is open on the fourth to an enchanting view of the river and valley. Level with the stone railing on the edge of the terrace are the tops of trees which grow on the steep slope below, making a swaying screen of green

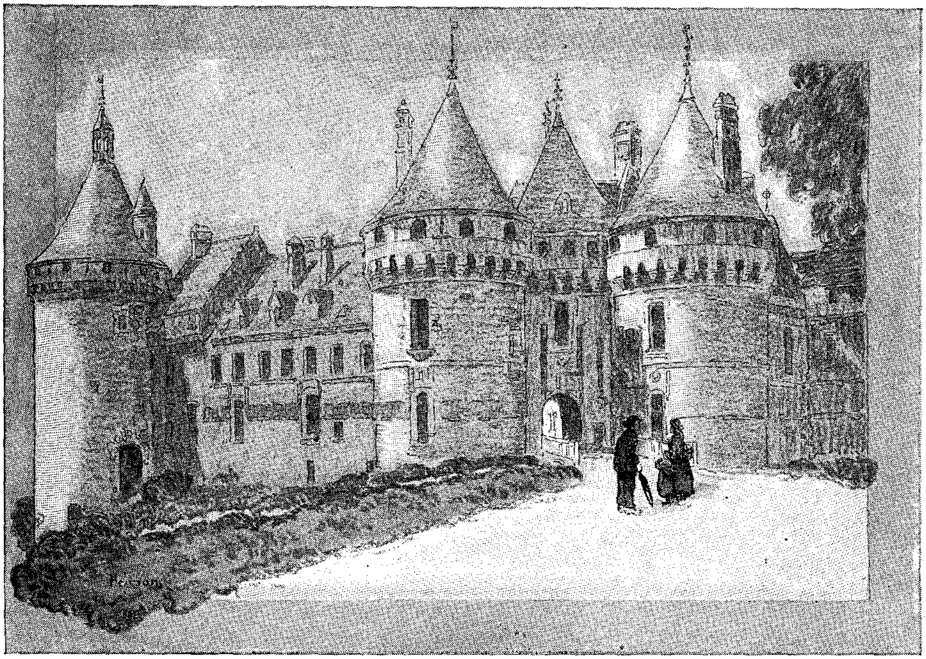


CHAUMONT

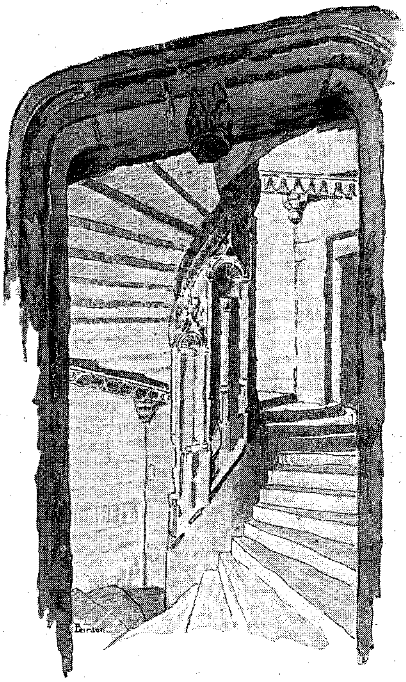
which shuts out the town and gives one the impression of being suspended in air. We wandered about the courtyard, sat in the shade of a great larch-tree which grew by the chapel wall, and leaned on the stone well-curb admiring the ferns which grew between the stones. While so engaged we were startled by sepulchral voices issuing apparently from the depths of the well. It flashed through the fertile brain of M'sieur that an underground passage connected the well with some part of the château, and that the voices were those of the other visiting party. But the instant and apt response to our murmurs of surprise forced upon us the realization that we had merely stumbled upon one of the haunts of Echo.

Our wanderings and discoveries kept us happily diverted for perhaps fifteen minutes, but then our appetites became really clamorous, and still the other visitors engaged the services of the concierge. We could trace their progress from room to room. Occasionally they would appear at a window to admire the view or emerge upon a balcony to take a picture. We wondered if they were never hungry. Two of the ladies of the party we decided were from Boston; a pervading air of intellectuality and the presence of two Boston bags proclaimed the fact. They were, of course, intent upon extracting every crumb of information, and, their French being of a very American brand, the strength and patience of the concierge were severely taxed. We noticed that he drooped visibly as the inspection drew to a close, and decided that he too was hungry. Finally the representatives of the Hub withdrew with a parting remark delivered in inimitable French to which, I fear, no spelling could do justice. We then approached the concierge with a manner which plainly said "next." He rolled a desperate eye at us, asked if we were pressed for time, then, evidently with the memory of his last experience before him, and despairing of making an American understand, pointed expressively down his throat and hastily withdrew. We could not but sympathize, but sympathy is not filling.

Help came to us, however, as we were disconsolately turning over picture postcards, in the form of a shy pink and white maiden, who offered her services in lieu of those of her father. Under her



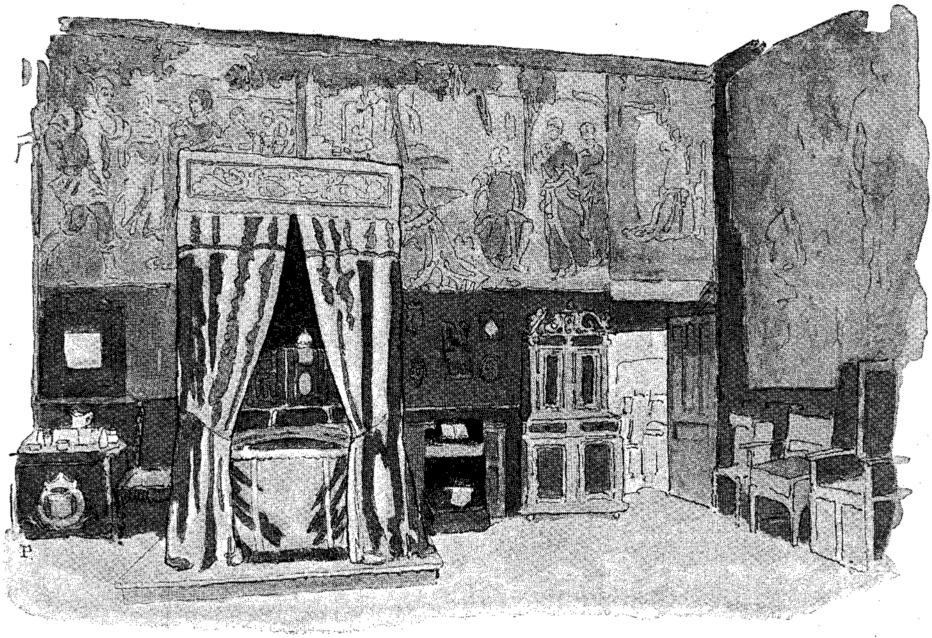
"CHAUMONT . . . HAS AN AIR OF STURDY STRENGTH AND SELF-RELIANCE" guidance we mounted a beautiful old stone staircase worn and hollowed by the footsteps of many ages to the only suite of rooms which is shown. Most of the château is occupied by the present owner, but the five or six rooms which are open to the public are so beautiful as to make one forget to regret that he cannot see more. They are furnished and decorated just as in the old days of Chaumont's glory. From the Salle des Gardes, with its old tapestries, quaint wrought-iron fire-dogs, and suits of mail, we passed through the great oak-carved Salle de Conseil into the bedchamber of Catherine de Médicis. Of all the old rooms we saw in our journeyings this was to me the most beautiful. In it are an ancient bed and prie-dieu, time-darkened carved escritoires and cabinets, and on the walls most lovely old tapestries in blending shades of faded rose. A mellow radiance filled the room, time stood still, it seemed a place enchanted, full of dreams. Lifting a heavy curtain on one side, we stepped out on to the gallery of the chapel which occupies the end of the wing. Beside the altar-steps is the great carved chair in which Georges, Cardinal d'Amboise, the wisest and best councilor of his time, used to sit, while above it still hangs the old red Cardinal's hat which Cæsar Borgia gave him more than four hundred years ago. Another door from Catherine's room leads into the one occupied by her astronomer and confidant, Ruggieri—and here hangs a portrait of the wicked old queen. The chamber of Diane de Poitiers is built in the thickness of the entrance tower and is entered from the Salle des Gardes. It is not so beautiful as that of Catherine, but still sufficiently so to make it seem strange that she no more than her royal rival could be contented with Chaumont for a home. As we left I wondered if Chenonceaux were indeed more beautiful, that both preferred it to lovely Chaumont.


“A BEAUTIFUL OLD STONE STAIRCASE, WORN AND HOLLOWED”

In descending we found the way that we should have ascended. It was a pleasant walk down a tree-shaded avenue, but unfortunately it landed us at the eastern limit of the town, and we had left our basket at the last shop at the western end. It was a blow, but we had got beyond words, and silently and sadly we fetched our basket, boarded our canoe, paddled furiously to the nearest shaded spot, and ate. When nothing remained but an empty cheese-box and an empty bottle, we composed ourselves upon the grass with intent to sleep. The entry in M'dame's journal for that day says—“Attempted a siesta, but tickly little green bugs prevented—” They did, so we took to our paddles again.

A friend, hearing of our intended journey in Touraine, had enthusiastically characterized his impressions of the province with the remark, “It's a perfect bowl of sunshine.” Often during the four preceding days of cloud and rain we had cast an ironical thought at this description, but to-day we felt the truth of it. All the rays of the sun were focused in that one spot of the valley of the Loire, and we were the center of that spot.

Amboise began to make its impression while still a long stretch of river, blinding in its reflection of the naked sun and the blazing white sky, lay before us. Its dominant position, on the top of a high rock above the river, and the massive proportions of its round tower, made the impression one of impregnability. We took heart at the sight of the château,



"THE BEDCHAMBER OF CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS"

and in spite of the heat paddled briskly until we slid into the grateful shade of the island that lies in front of the town. We landed under the château, and found the hotel which Baedeker had pointed out just across the street and facing the river. It was an admirable inn, though having neither the rustic simplicity of our hostelry at St. Dyé nor the overpowering sophistication of the hotel at Blois. It was just comfortable and homelike. After dinner, an eminently satisfactory occasion from radishes to strawberries, we sat on the little terrace behind a screen of greenery and drank our coffee. A fluffy gray-and-white ball of a kitten entertained us. With mock importance it strolled casually among the tables and chairs, giving a friendly rub to M'dame's skirt as it passed. It undertook stupendous hunts in the jungle of the shrubbery, to receive every time a terrible fright from some figment of its imagination and dash madly off to sanctuary within the inn. It was finally captured by the little son of mine host and carried off to supper and to bed. Then we strolled out behind the hotel for a glimpse of the château.

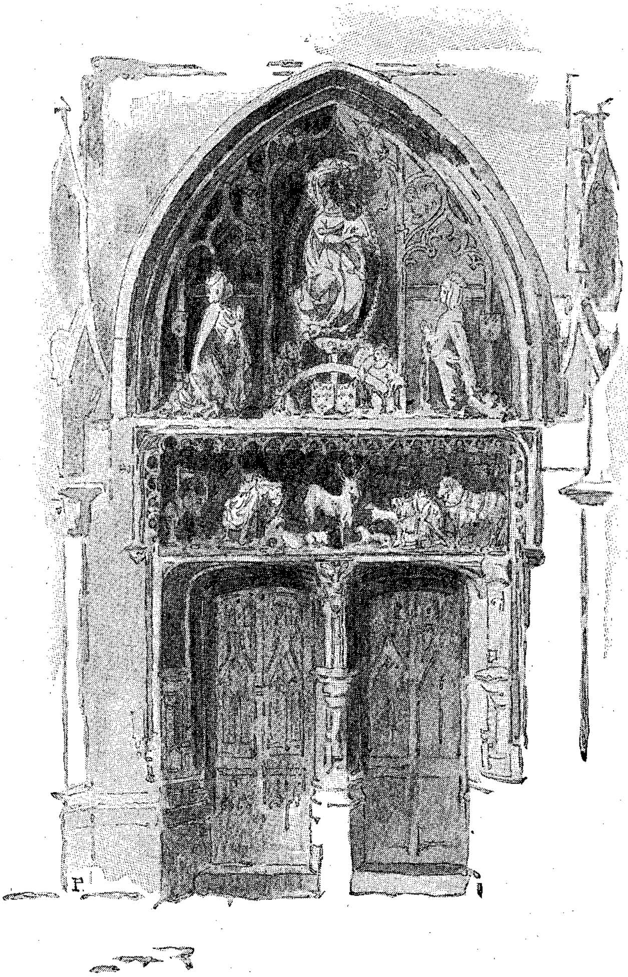
We looked up the sheer side of its rock to the façade which Charles VIII., the none too brilliant son of grim Louis XI., had added to the mediæval stronghold, which dated perhaps from Roman times. The first impression of strength and inaccessibility was emphasized. From the foot of the rock to its top climbs the huge round tower with battlemented galleries about its summit, their floors pierced with holes for the cordial reception, by means of stones and melted lead, of uninvited guests. An inclined plane, winding upward in a gradual spiral within the tower, gave approach to the little plateau which the castle occupies. Up this luxurious substitute for a staircase Charles the Fifth, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, rode at the head of a troop of cavalry when he visited France during an interval of peace with his ambitious and quarrelsome rival, Francis First. It is recorded that on this festive occasion flambeaux blazed in such numbers "that a man might see as clearly as at midday."

Our entrance the next morning was made in more modest style, through a gate on the other side of the rock and up a sloping road between heavy walls. At the top a garden of roses, in a profusion of color and perfume, beguiled us from our first impression of the château, and made it seem a home for the gentle arts of peace rather than a fortress for defense. This new note was strengthened by a walk through a little grove of lime-trees, laid out in geometric lines, and with their branches clipped and trained to make a roof of green splashed with gold by the sun. Beyond their shade we gazed upon the doorway where Charles VIII., they say, bumped his foolish head so hard that he died.

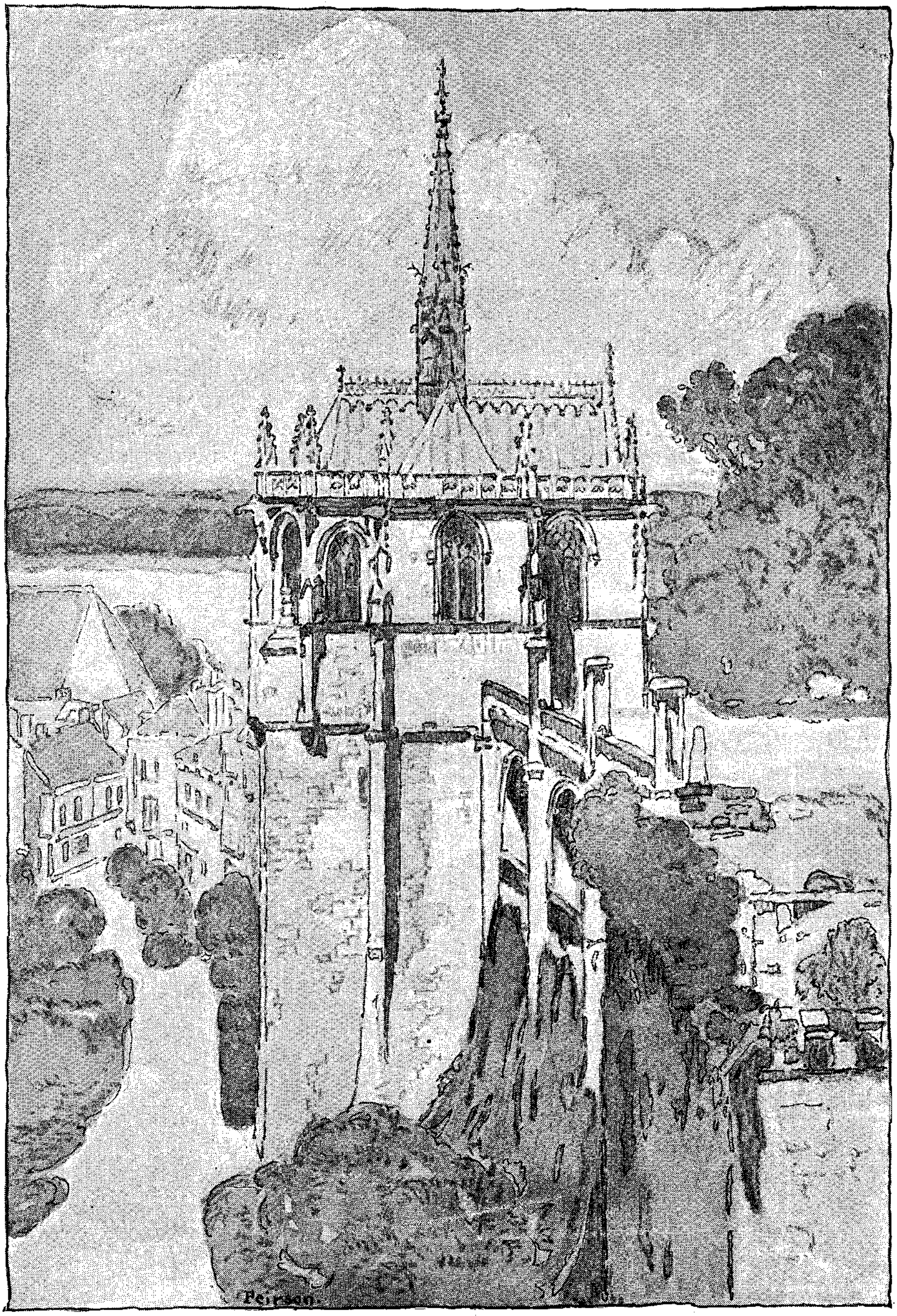
Then we turned to the chapel of St. Hubert, perched over the edge of the rock on foundations that rise from its foot. Its diminutive size, its perfect proportions, and the wonderful stone carving of its walls and ceiling give it a fair title to the often abused description, a gem of Gothic architecture. Above the entrance is a graphic carving of the miracle of St. Hubert, who, you will remember, was a mighty hunter, and was converted by the vision of a snow-white stag bearing a crucifix between his antlers. A tablet in the floor of the chapel is a pathetic reminder of a noble genius, for it records the fact that among the human bones which it covers "are supposed to be the remains of Leonardo da Vinci."

As at Chaumont, little of the interior of the château is shown, but we hardly felt the lack. The view from the top of Charles VIII.'s tower of the flowering valley of the Loire afforded compensation, if any were needed after the rose garden, the grove, and the chapel.

If we had seen Amboise without fore-



"A GRAPHIC CARVING OF THE MIRACLE OF ST. HUBERT"



"THE CHAPEL OF ST. HUBERT, PERCHED OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROCK ON FOUNDATIONS THAT RISE FROM ITS FOOT"

knowledge and without a guide, our impressions would have been unqualifiedly delightful. But the memory of Catherine de Médicis and her ruthless massacre of the Huguenot conspirators in the courtyard casts a shadow over the place.

The balcony of hand-wrought iron,

once decorated with the hanging bodies of the arch-conspirators as a warning to possible sympathizers, still overhangs the Loire. The guide points out the spot on the terrace where the scaffold stood, and the window where Catherine achieved her most unpardonable cruelty. There she kept that gentle pair of lovers, her son Francis II. and Mary Queen of Scots, at her side while the brave Huguenots mounted the scaffold with a psalm on their lips. We shuddered at the remembrance, then turned again to the roses and the glorious valley of the Loire.

We left the château with reluctance and wandered through the streets of the town below. The windows of a dusty, musty old curiosity shop attracted us, and we went in to poke around among old furniture, andirons, books, trinkets, and unclassifiable junk. A young giant, more like a farmer than a shopkeeper, answered our queries and made suggestions, till M'dame found a delightfully battered pewter inkstand and a little history of Marie Antoinette with quaint engravings. M'sieur, meanwhile, gloated over an Elzevir edition of Thomas à Kempis for the ridiculous price of ten francs. We coveted a chair ("It would go so beautifully with our desk"), a toilet case ("Mais, oui, m'dame, of the Empire"), and a fan ("If we were only sure it was real tortoise-shell"), but we restrained our eagerness and beat a valorous retreat to the hotel and *déjeuner*.

ONE WENT SINGING

BY MAY TURNER

One who went singing on the long highroad
Upon his shoulders bore a heavy load.

A sobbing child delayed him with its clinging,—
Tender, low, and strangely sweet his singing.

And when he shared a drooping comrade's ills,
His song rose cheerily to meet the hills.

A woman walked beside him for a space;
He bore her load, and matched her feeble pace.

Then laborers in distant fields stood still
To hear his song, and felt their hearts athrill.

Footsore, he plodded on through evening dew;
Yet still his song rose bravely to the blue.

A TENEMENT ROOM

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

As a nest where the rooks bow down the branches, deep in the shattered street, this room—
Black is the way and broken the steps that climb through the filthy gloom—
Six dark strata of Souls lift up from the torrent of Souls that sweeps the street;
The atmosphere is of human breathing; the noise, of vast hearts' beat!

As a lamp in the Deeps, the storm-deeps rolling, this room is a flame in the human storm,
And I sit me down with Father and Mother and Children—cheery and warm!
Under, far under, stupendous and still, the Earth rolls on with the million suns;
Over, far over, stampeded through space, the herd of the wild stars runs.

Under, but near, O near, touch-near, the roaring sea of Humanity rolls,
Over, but near, O near, spirit-near, leaps the wild wave of Souls—
And here, right here, the bright faces shine of these human beings, these Souls, these forms—
I am nested deep in the human Deeps—aye, swirled in the Human storms!

And I belong here by right of birth—I am even as these, I am one with these—
How well their words and their glances and touch—each flush that flickers and flees—
Are doors to their Souls where I enter in, and live five lives in place of one,
Are gates of common Man where we mingle like five blent rays of the sun!

O People! O human, human beings! I thank my stars that I too am human!
That I may share the up-struggle of the World with you, O Man, O Woman!
That I may taste your miraculous glories of Love and Gladness—deepest, of Pain!—
That I may be of your shining faces in the World-rush, the Labor and strain!

That I may feel the lift and the thrill of hands that lock and of lips that meet,
That I may sit in a little warm room with souls and hearts replete—
That I may know, beyond grandeur of Earth, O Man, even here in the pitiful gloom
Of these shattered walls, God's grandeur sweeps, yea, in a little room!

MUSIC AND EAST SIDE CHILDREN

THE STORY OF A NOVEL SOCIAL SETTLEMENT

BY THOMAS TAPPER

Owing perhaps to the influence of the rebellion of the Puritans against what they believed to be the malign influence of æsthetic beauty in a world of sin, we are only just beginning to recognize in this country the educational and civilizing function of the arts. Music is the last of the arts to feel this new forward impulse. As recently as thirty years ago in New York, then as now the metropolis of the Western world, the boy or man with a taste for music had a hard struggle. It was well enough for girls to study music, but the boy who wished to devote himself to the piano or to the violin or to the cultivation of his voice was considered guilty of abnormal weakness. When Theodore Thomas began his career in this city, he played in a modest German garden which the "solid citizens," with a few heroic exceptions, looked upon askance. In the last twenty-five years there has been a marked improvement in the attitude of the public towards music in a scheme of education; and yet to-day it is not an uncommon thing to find university men who boast, with some degree of complacency, of their inability to tell "Yankee Doodle" from "God Save the King," and this inability is somehow or other accepted as a mark of great intellectual development. There are, to be sure, some university men who cannot spell accurately or who are unable to distinguish the seven table from the eight table in multiplication, but they do not boast of it. The truth is that the man of well-rounded education ought to know something about music just as he is supposed to know something about literature and the pictorial and plastic arts. He may not know how to write a book, but he ought to be able to distinguish between Laura Jean Libbey and Robert Louis Stevenson; he may not wish to paint a picture, but he ought to know why the Coney Island artist who does your portrait with colored chalk and both hands in three minutes is really not an artist; he need not play the violin or the piano, and perhaps wisely does not sing, but he ought to be able to discriminate somewhat intelligently between Schumann and Philip Sousa. Every serious attempt, therefore, which is made to develop and direct a sound and discriminating musical taste in this country, and a respect as well as a love for music, deserves public recognition. It is for this reason that we have asked Mr. Thomas Tapper, the Director of the Music School Settlement, to describe that remarkable institution to our readers. It was established in November, 1894, and is now an incorporated organization, of which Mrs. Howard Mansfield is President, Mrs. George L. Nichols Treasurer, and Miss Eleanor Crawford Head Worker. The address of the School is 55 East Third Street, New York. No visitor to the School can fail to be impressed with the fact that it is exerting not merely an æsthetic but an ethical influence upon the community in which it is situated—an influence all the more profound because it is that which comes from the daily intercourse of teachers and students who have a common enthusiasm for a noble art.—THE EDITORS.

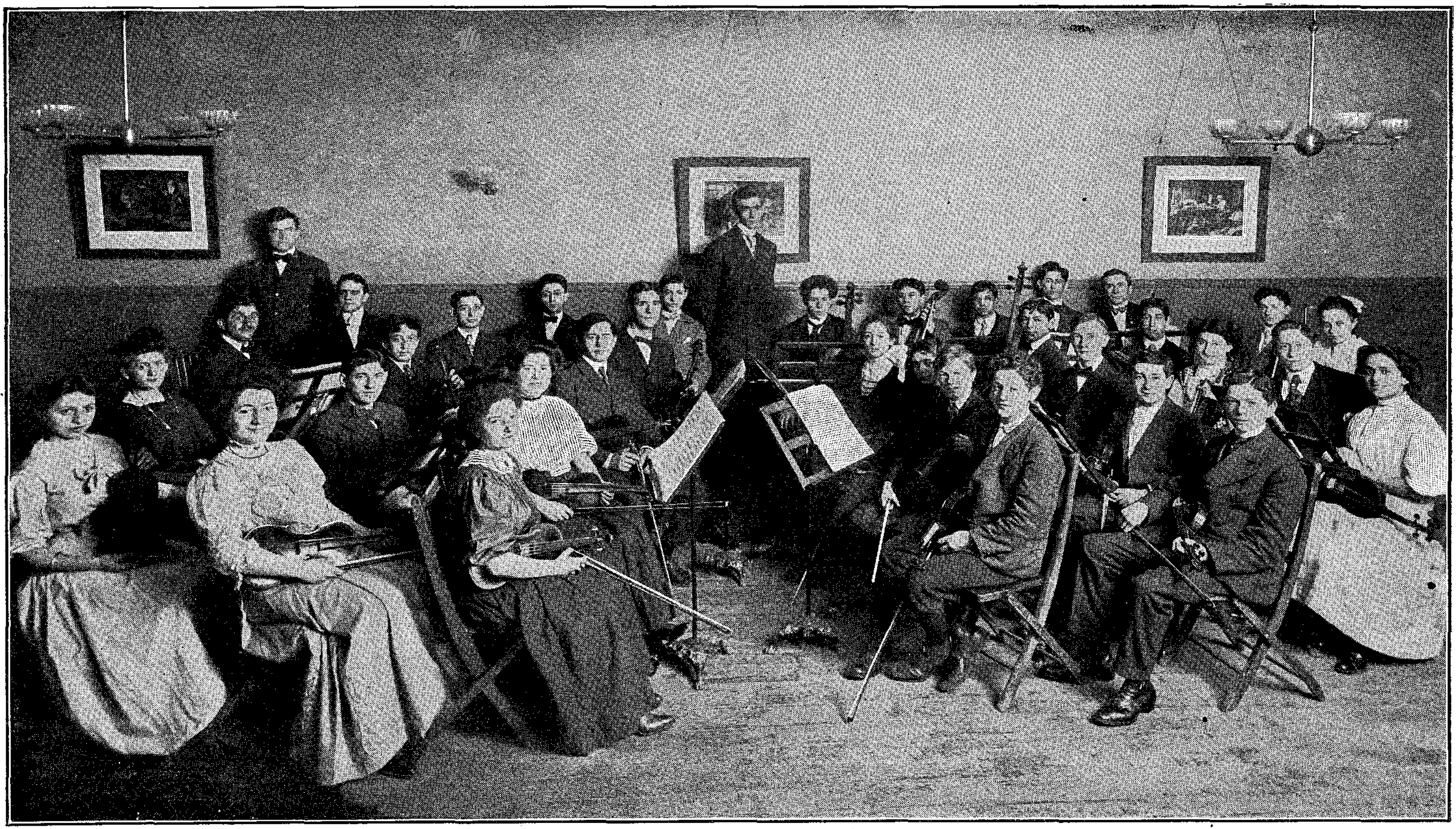
IT is three o'clock, and the children are hurrying through the basement door to the desk where, for a few cents, they procure the ticket in exchange for which they receive a lesson.

The attendant inquires of the young girl who is nearest:

"When do you have your lesson, Lena?"

"Quarter past five, please."

Lena receives her ticket, deposits it in a safe place, and proceeds to make her plans. She is two hours and fifteen minutes ahead of her schedule. This is not required of her, but it is an asset on which she has reckoned. If it be cold and stormy without, she knows that she is at liberty to spend the time in the School, where it is warm, homelike, and attractive. No rules restrict her actions, save the one which demands quiet in order that no disturbance may reach the teaching rooms. If it be summer-time, Lena makes her way to the back yard



THE ORCHESTRA READY FOR A REHEARSAL

Mr. Mannes, the conductor, stands in the middle at the rear (not quite 20 × 50), which possesses a brilliant red swing, and a patch of blue sky overhead. Here Lena's liberty is unrestricted, and neither she nor her brothers have ever abused it even so far as to disturb the fringe of plants that struggle for life between the concrete and the fence.

At a quarter past five Lena reports to her teacher and performs her lesson. The time is spent earnestly, and the work accomplished is genuine in every sense. It is at once businesslike and artistic. How the lesson has been studied, wherein it gives evidence of insufficient thought, what must be done to assure better results for the coming week, and how more systematic habits may be cultivated to attain a finer artistic conception, all this gives her an abundance of suggestion, which, whether she ever becomes a musician or not, has lasting value.

But Lena's responsibility does not end with the lesson. Should you visit the School on the following Sunday morning, you will see her hastening, violin-case in hand, to report at ten o'clock. Forty others of her kind are assembled there. The usual confusion incident to the gathering of an orchestra and its preparation for performance greets you as you enter. But in a moment quiet reigns and all are in place ready to begin.

You sit with the group of visitors, along the wall, or on the stairs, or in the little hallway. Under the guidance of Mr. David Mannes, the Conductor of the orchestra, you hear, in order, a Handel Concerto, a Mozart and a Beethoven Quartet. The programme amazes you, but not less than the performance of it. The children are playing classic music well, and in a reverent spirit. It is particularly with the spirit that the Conductor impresses both you and them. Under his quietly given direction, tone, phrasing, and interpretation are building a new and a fairer creation. The beauty of the music comes forth from the instruments (many of which cost as little as three dollars) as Aphrodite rose from the mystic sea. The Conductor reminds you of the line in Uhland's poem, "Der Berg, der ist mein Eigenthum," whereon he, standing, calls up to him these little ones of many tribes, who, down in the city of the plain, may be so easily and so dreadfully scattered. And they learn to climb, a step or two gained now and then, until one day we hope they may in turn dictate to the confusion of life below them as the Knabe' vom Berge did, saying, "Lasst meines Vaters Haus in Ruh!"

Now it is noon, the rehearsal is over, and the children surround the Conductor and direct to him a happy word or a serious inquiry. Meanwhile you begin your tour of observation to the teaching-rooms, the violin "store," the library, the front parlor office; and in the progress of your journey upstairs, downstairs, and in the little chambers you hear this story.

There are in regular attendance at the Music School Settlement about three hundred and seventy-five children, from six to seventeen years of age. In the past school year they received collectively thirty thousand lessons. The faculty numbers thirty-two members, and the courses of study include stringed instruments, piano, harmony, voice, and ensemble music. To this there are now to be added organ, wood-wind instruments, history of education, English language and literature, and the following technical courses: music type setting, music plate engraving, construction and repair of musical instruments, and piano tuning.

One who has never visited the School may ask, "Is it necessary to provide music instruction to the children of the East Side?"

The most convincing reply to this question is found in the support the School receives from the people for whom it exists. They not only tax it to its capacity, but there is always a waiting list. The people want music in the home, and here for a very few cents they may procure it. The neighborhood participates in the school life to an uncommon degree. One evening per week is devoted to a public concert when the children or visiting artists play. In a room that seats an orchestra of forty comfortably, a hundred or more people crowd in to listen.

Our pupils naturally fall into three classes: (1) Those who love music and study it as far as their time and circumstances permit. This type is illustrated

THE LIBRARY

Here the children find not only musical literature but an opportunity for general reading

by one of the boys in the orchestra who was advised, against his own desire, not to take up music professionally; he became a civil engineer, but he studies music in his spare hours, and he never fails to be at desk on Sunday. We conclude that he employs his margin of time wisely. (2) Those who have found themselves, and, having proved by talent, industry, and character that they may safely be encouraged to follow music as a calling, have become orchestral players. One of this class who has received all his training in the School has just passed an examination under Mr. Walter Damrosch, and has been admitted to the violin section of the New York Symphony Orchestra. (3) Those who have the musical and intellectual equipment necessary to become teachers. This class is exemplified by many who are teaching privately, as well as by eighteen advanced pupils who are members of the School faculty, and who, by earning a living in the School, are enabled to support themselves and to continue their education.

Of the total enrollment, a certain percentage become wage-earners in music, and, compared with the work of almost any other school, this percentage is high. The rest contribute to their families the fruits of their activity in our classes, and open for themselves another pathway into the world's treasure-house of thought and beauty. Recently, in conducting a competitive examination for the assignment of a scholarship, an anæmic little Miss played for me, from memory, the Beethoven Sonatine in F Major. Every note was correct, but the performance was so delicate as to be shadowy.

"Why do you not play with more tone?" I asked her.

"Oh, you know," she replied, "I can practice so little on the piano that I am almost afraid of it."

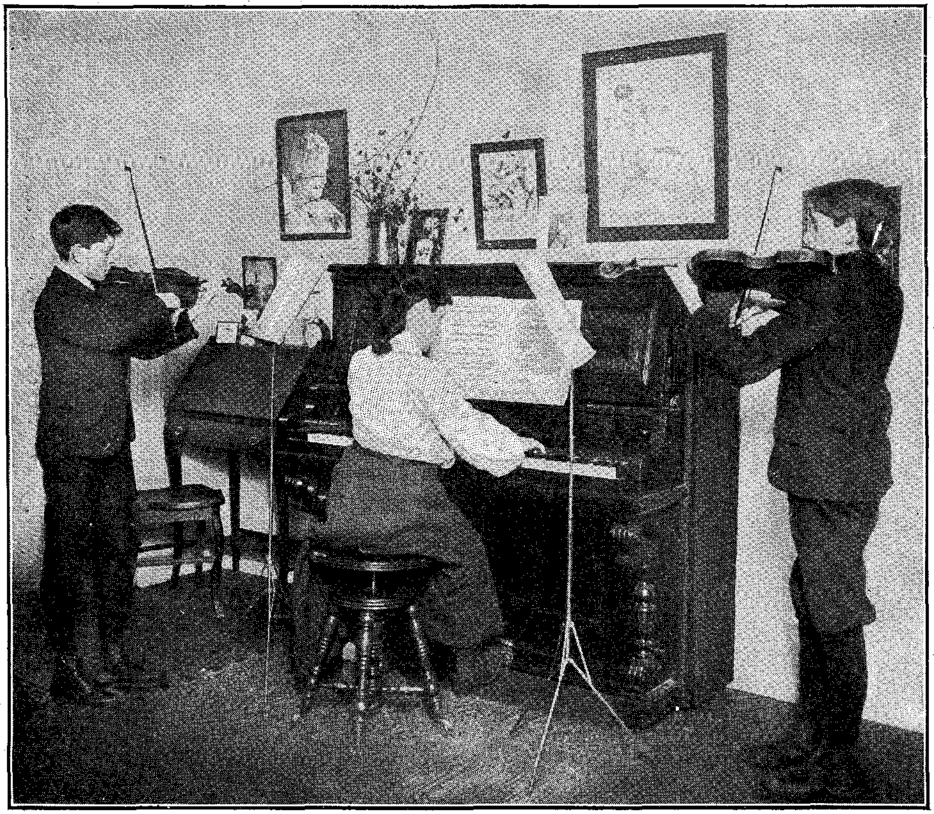
Investigation disclosed the fact that, having no piano at home, she comes to school an hour before her lesson time, and practices, if she finds an unoccupied room. My belief, in her case, is that she has opened a pathway that she will ever love to follow.

Now and then a critic arises who, having investigated the School only in the domain of his imagination, declares that we are trying to make musicians out of the children of barbers, tailors, and tinkers. I do not quite recognize the crime in this effort, but it does not fairly state the case. Among the large number of children who come to us we find, as the instances already cited show, some who are especially gifted. We make every effort to aid them so that they may develop and be enabled to help themselves. No attempt is made to fill the world with ill-prepared music teachers and players. That unfortunate supply takes care of itself. But our aim, even with the very least of those who come to us, is to instill good habits of study, strict attention to the responsibility involved in becoming a student, love for music, and reverence for the better things of life.

"But," the critic adds, "you take them out of their station in life, give them ideals difficult if not impossible to attain, and make them dissatisfied with their condition."

This is true to an extent; would that it were true to a far greater extent! When institutions devote themselves to providing us with an ideal difficult to attain, and to making us dissatisfied with our condition, we may then begin to understand what it means to say, "Thy kingdom come," for the coming of the kingdom lies in pursuing the ideal, in gaining the perception and the strength of will to forge the soul by swinging the hammer of effort.

In opportunities for stimulating individual and social betterment the School is abundantly provided; in its resources for meeting the problems that lie close at hand and for developing its work it is handicapped. I have referred above to the few cents required in payment for lessons. This small payment instills



THE TRIO CLASS

This picture illustrates one of the small practice rooms, of which there are several in the building promptness, integrity, and thrift, and is consequently a splendid asset in character training. We find, however, that many a family has not even these few cents to spare. Hence we have established scholarships which provide those who are worthy with all necessary instruction until the time arrives when they can help themselves. The present financial depression has increased the demand for full and partial scholarships beyond our capacity to provide them. All instruction in harmony, in ensemble music, in orchestra and choral practice is free. It is our intention to provide the new courses in English and all the technical instruction free of expense to the pupils. Many of our children receive not only free instruction but all the necessary music and supplies. The School library of books and music is free to the children of the School and to the neighborhood.

The school year extends from September 15 to June 15. But the summer is no idle time. In July and August of last year five thousand six hundred and twenty-three children came in from the East Side streets to play in the back yard. Here to the games of the streets were added the benefits of organized play; and every day the resident in charge of this work gathered about her the boys of the neighborhood, the good and the less good, to hear about their favorite heroes, generally the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

In the same period nearly one hundred children were provided with a two weeks' visit to the country, and two hundred others spent a day in the country.

During the school year there are evening classes for those wage-earners who are unable to come to us before six o'clock; there are also a concert one evening per week, and a regular rehearsal of the Junior Orchestra on Saturday morning and of the Senior Orchestra on Sunday morning. Many clubs have been formed in the school and neighborhood which meet regularly in the School building. After the rehearsal on Sunday morning there is frequently present some one who speaks to the children on education, books, reading, music, or citizenship. The audience is intensely attentive. If I may be pardoned, I will refer to my own first visit to the School in April, 1906. I spoke to the children for a few minutes on Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." Afterwards *the* bad boy of the School (he was a sort of pugilistic mayor of the neighborhood) invited me out into the front hall to discuss the advisability of establishing a Ruskin Club.

Busy as the School is in its immediate work of music, it finds time and opportunity to take up many collateral activities. Every year makes us better acquainted with the people of the neighborhood and their needs. Medical care is provided for the children when necessary. We welcome all to the public performances given in the School, and they heartily respond to the invitation. Hence the Music School Settlement is at once a music school and a settlement.

I am often asked this question: With whom is the School doing its most important work? I reply, with no hesitation, "With the little children." If little Lena comes to us early enough, we can give her a concrete idea how, through music, seeds of joy may be planted, how she may add to her early life-experience happy hours won by faithful devotion to duty. So important is this that not a day must pass without its rich contribution having been made. And unless Lena comes to us in the first years, this is done, if at all, with difficulty.

If we can add this influence to life's group of remembrances from childhood days, we feel that the community has gained through our effort a better citizen, and that the little citizen himself has gained somewhat of the inheritance of which Socrates taught when, in the streets of Athens, he gathered the youth about him while he discoursed on the text, "The gods for labor sell us all good things."

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

SECOND PAPER

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

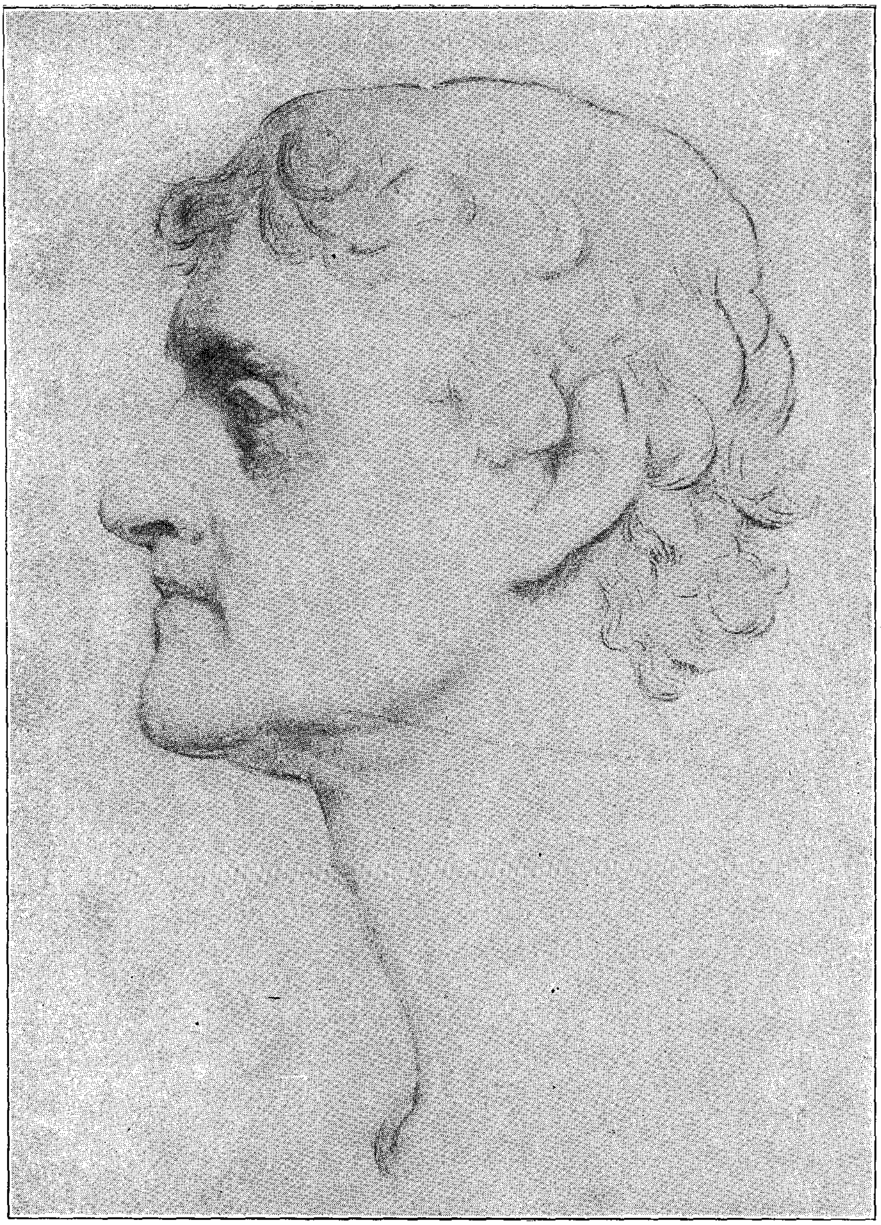
THE first forward step in the territorial expansion of the United States became an accomplished fact December 17, 1803, when the French flag gave place to the Stars and Stripes at the city of New Orleans. With this act, and as the result not of conquest but of diplomacy, the American Republic that had come into being only a few years before extended its dominions from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains and paved the way for its future pre-eminence among the nations of the world. Even to-day the giant stride thus taken staggers the imagination. Harassed by problems at home and abroad, critical problems which menaced the very existence of the new-born nation, and already in possession of a territory that seemed ample for the support of many future generations, there might well have been deemed cause for hesitancy when the opportunity offered for the acquirement of new lands and with new lands added burdens. Yet that opportunity was grasped with stupendous celerity and with an enthusiasm which showed that, young as the nation was, it had begun to appreciate its power and its capabilities. That the opportunity came unsought only increases the marvel of the readiness with which it was seized. Pondering the pages of the early history of the United States, it is easy enough now to realize that from the moment Daniel Boone opened the pathway to the West the future extension of the American people was a thing inevitable, and that had the Mississippi barrier not been raised when it was by the purchase of the vast territory known as Louisiana, it would have been raised at some later day, albeit at the cost not of dollars but of blood. But the actors in the mighty drama of the Louisiana Purchase could not see this as we of the twentieth century see it. They could only hope and dream, and all honor to them that they did hope and dream. To each one who played a part in securing for his country this its first and greatest territorial acquisition belongs imperishable glory; and in especial must tribute be paid to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, the national chief executive who, discarding all political and partisan prejudices, gave effect to the agreement that had been reached in distant France, and by so doing rendered his noblest service to posterity.

Jefferson, in truth, may fairly be accounted the first of the long line of notable American expansionists. There were others, like Alexander Hamilton, who cherished ideals of a greater America than that which had been born of the struggle for independence. But it was Jefferson's distinction to be the first to give form and reality to such ideals, and to transform dreams into deeds. No more singular mistake can be made than to imagine, as some have imagined, that his share in the Louisiana Purchase was purely fortuitous, and that in acting as he did he merely pursued a policy of opportunism founded on what he perceived to be the will of the people. On the contrary, the Louisiana Purchase meant to him the realization of a long and ardently cherished desire, a consummation none the less welcome because it came so unexpectedly. It was the good fortune of the Nation that he occupied the Presidential chair at the moment when Napoleon found it necessary to relinquish his grasp of the rich domain wrung from the yielding Spaniard. Another, with less penetrating vision into the possibilities and exigencies of the years to come, would have faltered and let slip the golden opportunity. But Jefferson, true expansionist, one is tempted to write greatest of American expansionists, understood, and, understanding, acted.

There is temptation, too, to declare that it was his destiny to crown his wonderful career by the Louisiana Purchase. Certainly the story of his life, when considered in relation to the Purchase, tends to bear out this view. He was born April 13, 1743, in a Virginia farm-house among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. From his father, a sturdy yeoman, himself Virginia born, he inherited a stalwart frame, a stout constitution, an independent and self-reliant spirit, and a lasting love for the life outdoors. His mother, likewise a Virginian, and daughter of one of the proudest and wealthiest families of the colony, bequeathed him the gentler qualities of kindliness, affability, and courtesy; and, it is to be inferred from the little that has been recorded of her, also blessed him with the literary talent which was to find immortal expression in after years. Added to the happy combination of characteristics with which he was thus endowed was the beneficent influence of the environment of his infancy and early youth. From the wilderness which stretched for miles about the little clearing he drew in with his first breath sentiments of freedom and liberality. As he grew older and roamed through the forest gun in hand, these sentiments were deepened by contemplation of the open and untrammeled ways of nature. He perceived, too, in the broad vistas of woodland, valley, mountain range, and stream, a perpetual symbol of the vastness and grandeur and opportunities of the land in which he lived. And doubtless, like Daniel Boone, himself at that time serving his apprenticeship in another corner of the border, he felt the frontiersman's longing to press on and on through the cool green spaces to the mountains, and beyond the mountains to the mysterious depths in which each night the sun sank to repose.

But there were ties that held him in the East. At the age of seventeen behold him, tall, sinewy, sandy-haired, and freckled, a trifle awkward, but of boundless good nature, infinite hope, and a radiant smile, mounting his horse and by leisurely stages making his way from the mountains to the colony's quaint old capital, there to begin the education that would fit him for the one career open to well-connected and ambitiously inclined Virginians. Earnest, brilliant, capable, such was the impression he made that when, after two years of unremitting effort, he graduated triumphantly from college and began the study of law, the famous George Wythe, leader of the Virginia bar, willingly received him into his office. And so thoroughly did he command confidence and esteem that upon his admission to practice clients came to him aplenty, country bred though he was. A little later, and in the very year that Boone began his epoch-marking pilgrimage to Kentucky, he found himself a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, fairly launched on his long and useful political career.

As the event at once proved, he had, throughout his years of city life, clung steadfastly to the principles and yearnings implanted in him by the influences of childhood, influences which were reinforced by frequent and prolonged visits to the well-loved home, now transformed from wilderness to a prosperous plantation. Scarcely had he taken his seat among his fellow-legislators before the House, already restive under the increasing impositions of the home authorities, was dissolved by an irate Governor; and immediately, with Washington, Lee, Henry, and others to whom after events were to bring the guerdon of immortality, he began the campaign of agitation and exhortation that culminated in the



THOMAS JEFFERSON

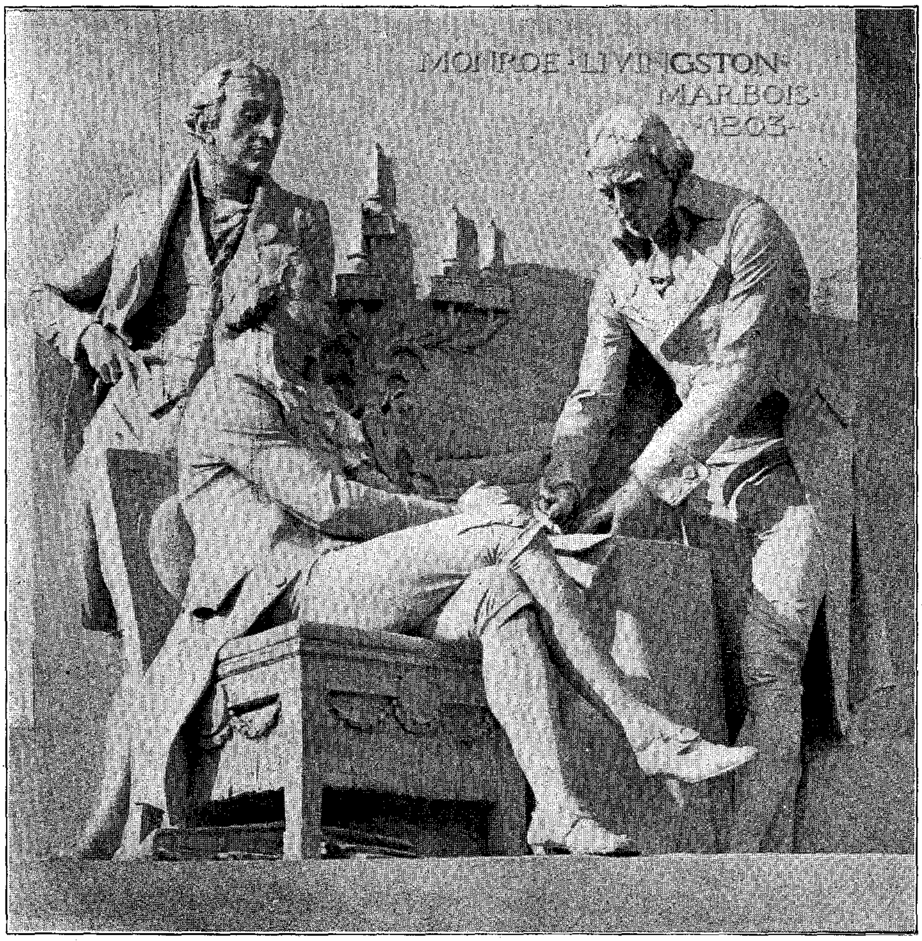
From a crayon drawing, now in the possession of Dr. W. C. N. Randolph, of Charlottesville, Virginia, the great-grandson of Jefferson

historic document which commemorates for all time his first great service to his fellow-men. For the present purpose, however, there is no need to follow him through this impressive period of his life. But there is vital need to pause for a moment and recall an event which, occurring in the year after the Declaration of Independence had been announced to the world, and when Jefferson was once more a Virginia legislator, turned his attention as never before to the region beyond the mountains, and may properly be said to mark the starting-point of the policy that found fruition in the Louisiana Purchase.

This event was the arrival in Virginia of George Rogers Clark, fresh from the wilds and eager to secure authorization for his daring project of seizing the British posts on the northwest frontier, and thus stemming the tide of Indian invasion that threatened to overwhelm the border settlements. To Virginia he came because, as he well knew, Virginia laid claim to all the territory stretching westward from her southern boundary to the Mississippi and northward to the Great Lakes. Listening to his rude eloquence, and following with keen interest the romantic vicissitudes and the splendid triumph of the enterprise that resulted from his visit East, Jefferson's heart went out with the liveliest sympathy to Clark and to all who were striving with him to obtain mastery of the wilderness. If he had not done so before, he fully appreciated now the significance of the migration that had set in by way of Boone's trail. And, as may be seen from his correspondence, as soon as he became Governor of Virginia—that is to say, within a few months after Clark had finally established himself at Kaskaskia and Vincennes—he was prompt in taking measures to strengthen the defenses of the western country, and, as shown by the creation of the Virginia Land Office, to promote its settlement. To the border-folk, likewise, he instinctively turned when hard pressed by the still vindictive foe. "I have a peculiar confidence in the men from the western side of the mountains," was his message to Clark in the opening month of the critical year 1781. Thereafter, to the day of his death, his "peculiar confidence" continued unabated.

It would, in fact, be difficult to name a Revolutionary statesman to whom the war brought a wider understanding of the temper and aspirations of the transmontane settlers. The surroundings amid which he had spent his childhood and early youth and the characteristics acquired from his rugged and outright father had, of course, laid a solid foundation for such an understanding. But not until war came and the long-persisting controversies with the mother country had been submitted to the arbitrament of arms did the opportunity offer for close contact with and just appreciation of the men who were taking part in the westward movement. With the outbreak of hostilities, however, and in especial from the moment he became Governor of a State that claimed sovereignty over almost the whole of the western country, no other leader in the colossal struggle was so happily situated to glimpse the nascent Republic in its entirety. His earlier activity in connection with the preliminaries of the Revolution had made him well acquainted with the spirit of the seaboard people. Now he obtained an equally clear knowledge of the spirit of the people who had migrated from the seaboard. And, sympathizing with the one as truly and profoundly as with the other, perceiving their mutual jealousies, but perceiving also their mutual interests, it was inevitable that his view should broaden, that to the ideal of independence he should add the ideal of nationality and of national growth.

It was some time, however, before the consequences of his war-time experience became apparent. Chagrined at the criticisms passed upon his official conduct, he refused to stand for re-election as Governor, and went into a retirement that was prolonged by the grief into which he was cast through the loss of his beloved wife. But even in retirement there are indications—though scanty, for little of his correspondence during this period has been preserved—that he kept a close watch on the trend of events and was eager to advance the interests not of Virginia only, but of all the country. And, once he assumed again the burdens and responsibilities of public life, the evidence of his really nationalistic sentiments rapidly increases. As a member of the Continental Congress in the spring of 1784 he was prominent in the cession to the Union of the great territory in the Northwest to which Virginia laid claim, and it was he who drew up the first plan for the government of the region thus ceded. Similarly he busied himself in devising measures for the wise distribution of the public lands, and, after he had entered on his treaty-framing mission abroad, in laboring to bring about an adjustment



THE SIGNING OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY
From the Commemorative Statue at the St. Louis Exposition

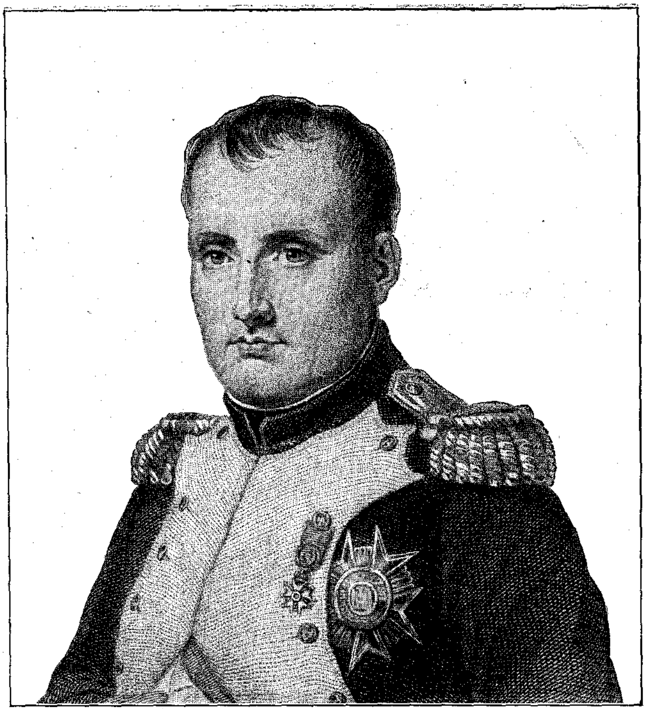
of the complications which had developed in the Southwest owing to the evident intention of Spain to close the navigation of the Mississippi, the one commercial highway affording the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee ready access to the markets of the East. It was this short-sighted policy that gave rise to the agitation which finally resulted in the Louisiana Purchase; and long before the Purchase was effected it was this same policy, reviewed in the light of a sublime confidence in his countrymen's potentialities, that started dreams of expansion in the mind of the already nationalistic Jefferson.

The rapidity with which these dreams took form, and the early date at which he began to ponder means of giving them reality, may be seen from a letter of January 25, 1786, written to Archibald Stuart from Paris, where Jefferson had now succeeded Franklin as Minister to France. Stuart, seemingly, had called his attention to the growing spirit of anger and unrest that was taking possession of the Westerners in consequence of the Government's failure to arrive at an understanding with Spain, and Jefferson wrote in reply: "I fear from an expression in your letter that the people of Kentucky think of separating not only from Virginia (in which they are right) but also from the Confederacy. I own I should think this a most calamitous event, and such an one as every good citizen on both sides should set himself against. Our present federal limits are not too large for good government, nor will the increase of votes in Congress produce any ill effect. On the contrary, it will drown the little divisions at present existing there. Our Confederacy must be viewed as the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled. We should take care, too, not to think it for the interest of that great continent to press too soon on the Spaniards. Those countries cannot be in better hands. My fear is that they are too feeble to hold them till our population can be sufficiently advanced to gain it from them piece by piece."

Bearing in mind the date of this letter and the sentiments it expressed, the inference is irresistible that ideas of expansion lay at the bottom of the proposal he soon afterwards made to the Connecticut traveler, Ledyard, then in Paris, and panting to achieve new laurels as an explorer. As Jefferson himself tells the story in his Memoir of Meriwether Lewis, he suggested to Ledyard that he traverse Russia to Kamchatka, cross to Nootka Sound, and thence "fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to and through that to the United States." This would indeed be a personal triumph for Ledyard, since no white man had as yet crossed the

ROBERT LIVINGSTON

As Minister to France he had the principal part in the negotiations for the Louisiana Purchase



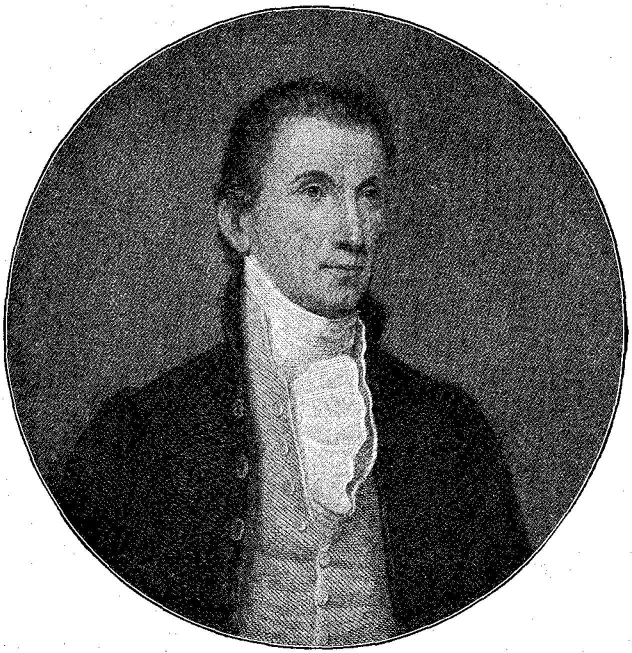
NAPOLEON

Who sold Louisiana to the United States

continent from ocean to ocean; and to the United States it would at least mean some knowledge of the geography and resources of the unexplored territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It is significant to note, also, that Jefferson made no attempt to secure from Spain permission for this journey through her colonial domain; his only care was to gain the consent of Russia, and it was in consequence of the unexpected withdrawal of that consent, for reasons which must be left to conjecture, that Ledyard ultimately found it impossible to execute his mission, being arrested by order of the Empress when within two hundred miles of Kamchatka and hurried to Poland, whence he sadly carried to Jefferson the news of his failure.

The latter, meantime, had been wrought to a high pitch of indignation by learning that, in order to effect a favorable commercial treaty with Spain, Congress might waive the Mississippi claims. "I will venture to say," he protested to Madison, in a letter from Paris, January 30, 1787, "that the act which abandons the navigation of the Mississippi is an act of separation between the eastern and the western country." Yet he realized only too well that the United States was in no position to accept the alternative suggested by Jay the year before, when he gave it as his opinion that American rights on the Mississippi could be secured only "by arms or by treaty." To the Kentuckians, therefore, Jefferson counseled patience, advising them "to defer pushing their right to that navigation to extremity as long as they can do without it," and to await if possible the outbreak of a European war when Spain would be less favorably situated to resist the American demands. Perhaps he also had in view the maintenance of the *status quo* until the United States should be strong enough to begin the process of absorption depicted in his letter to Stuart. At any rate, soon after his return from France to enter Washington's Cabinet, we find him making a first tentative move in the direction of actual expansion.

The Mississippi question was still unsettled, and had, in fact, grown more acute. Immigrants by the thousand were



JAMES MONROE

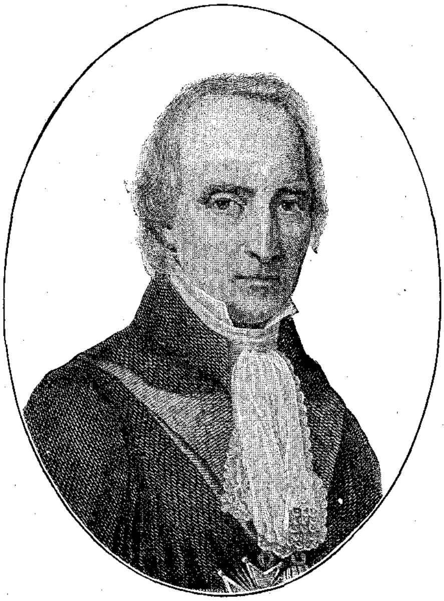
With Livingston he brought to a conclusion the negotiations in France

pouring from the tide-water country into the region watered by the lordly river and its tributaries, but Spain stubbornly adhered to her refusal to grant their produce-laden vessels free passage to the Gulf. True to her standards of diplomatic dilatoriness, she shuffled, evaded, postponed. Accordingly, it became one of Jefferson's first tasks as Secretary of State to spur the American representative at Madrid, Chargé d'Affaires Carmichael, to renewed efforts to reach a definite understanding; and in so doing he made a most significant suggestion. It would be well, he instructed Carmichael, to propose to the Spanish Government not simply a treaty securing the desired privilege of navigation, but a treaty whereby Spain would cede to the United States all her territory on the east side of the Mississippi, "on condition that we guarantee all her possessions on the western waters of that river, she agreeing, further, to subsidize us if the guarantee brings us into war." To convince Spain that the United States would rest content with such a cession, and would make no attempt to dislodge her from the western bank of the Mississippi, he also instructed Carmichael to assure King Charles and his Ministers that it was not in the interest of the United States to obtain possession of trans-Mississippi territory, and that a policy of conquest had no place in the American scheme of government. To quote his own words: "Conquest not in our principles; inconsistent with our government." That this, however, was simply a diplomatic subterfuge, and that he really entertained radically different ideas, is strikingly exhibited by a letter he wrote to Washington less than a year later, when Spain had embarked on the policy of endeavoring to alienate the western settlers from their allegiance to the United States. "Governor Quesada," he reported to the President, "by order of his court is inviting foreigners to go and settle in Florida. This is meant for our people. . . . I wish a hundred thousand of our inhabitants would accept the invitation. It will be the means of delivering to us peaceably what may otherwise cost us a war. In the meantime we may complain of this seduction of our inhabitants just enough to make them believe we think it very wise policy for them and confirm them in it. This is my idea of it."

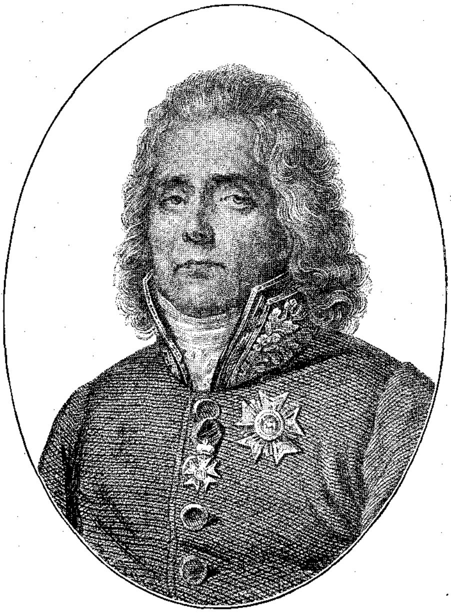
Clearly, the politic Jefferson did not

shrink from adopting the methods of Old World diplomacy. There is reason, also, for suspecting that his programme was not confined to the prospective annexation of Florida. In 1792 the opportune arrival of a French botanist, André Michaux, commissioned by his government to study the flora of the United States, suggested to Jefferson a renewal of the Ledyard scheme of traversing the continent. It is generally thought that in this he was animated by a purely scientific zeal; but, in the light of subsequent events, a different interpretation seems warranted from the fact that the instructions drawn up for Michaux by Jefferson himself indicate that the great object of the proposed expedition was "that you seek for and pursue that route which shall form the shortest and most convenient communication between the higher parts of the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean." It is noteworthy, too, that, like the Ledyard expedition, Michaux's undertaking came to grief through the intervention of a foreign government, the French Minister recalling the botanist after he had proceeded as far as Kentucky. And, it may be added in passing, when the project was next revived, in the midst of the excitement engendered by the news that Spain had ceded Louisiana to France, it was broached in a way and under circumstances that have led the latest historian of the Purchase period, Edward Channing, to suggest that Jefferson may have had in mind a possible seizure of the region through which his explorers afterwards made their way on their historic overland journey. "The Louisiana Purchase," dryly observes Professor Channing, "came in the nick of time to save Jefferson from violating the code of international ethics."

Nothing developed from the proposal that Spain cede her eastern possessions to the United States; but in 1795 a treaty was finally effected securing to the people of Kentucky and Tennessee, though for only three years, the right to use the Mississippi, and to tranship their products at New Orleans from river craft to ocean-going vessels. Unhappily, on the expiration of the period named, the old-time prohibition was renewed, and at once the Westerners, whose wrath was increased by appreciation of the fleeting prosperity they had enjoyed, besieged the National Government with complaints and demands for redress. Again there was talk of conquest, even

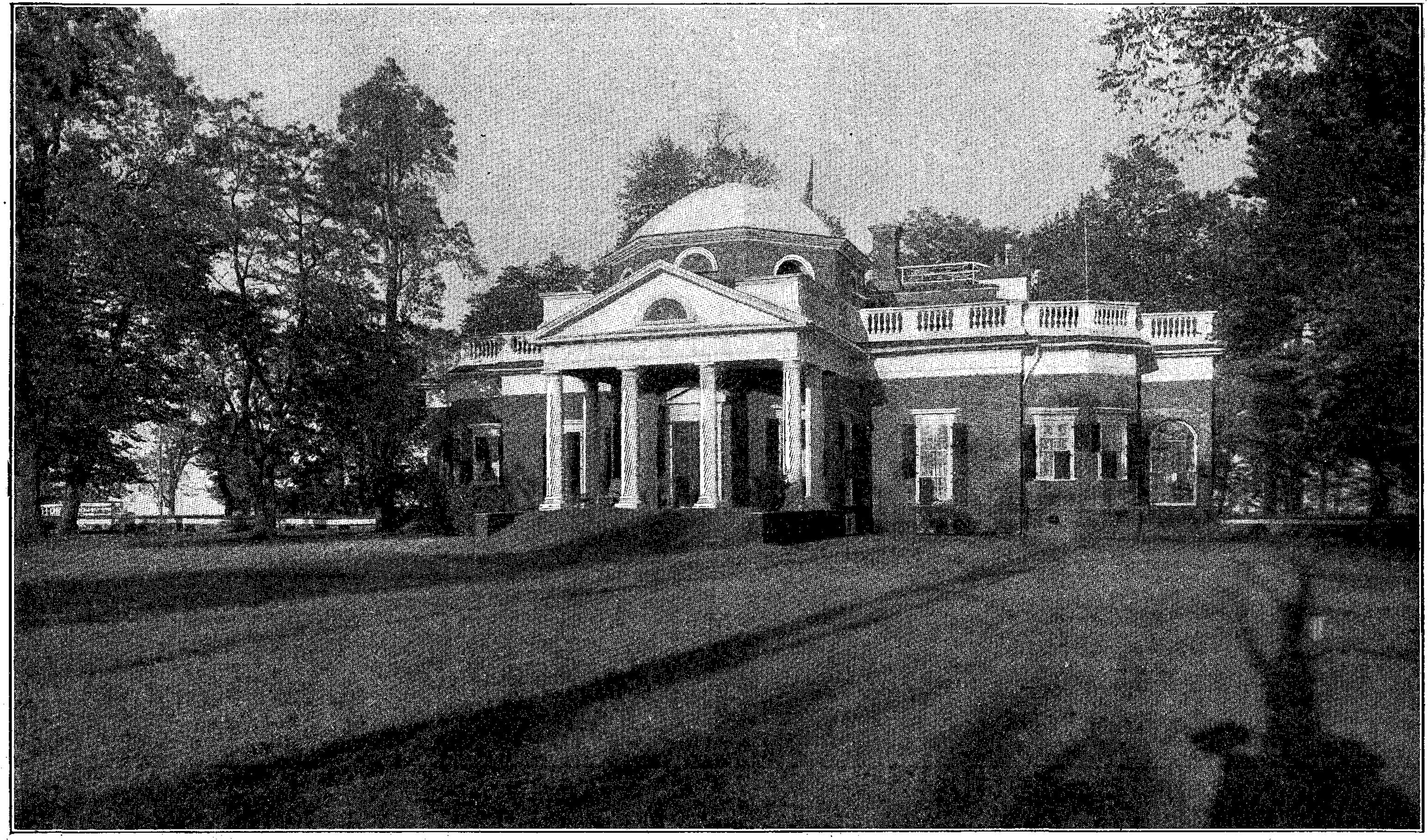


BARBÉ-MARBOIS



TALLEYRAND

The prominent figures on the French side of the Louisiana Purchase negotiations



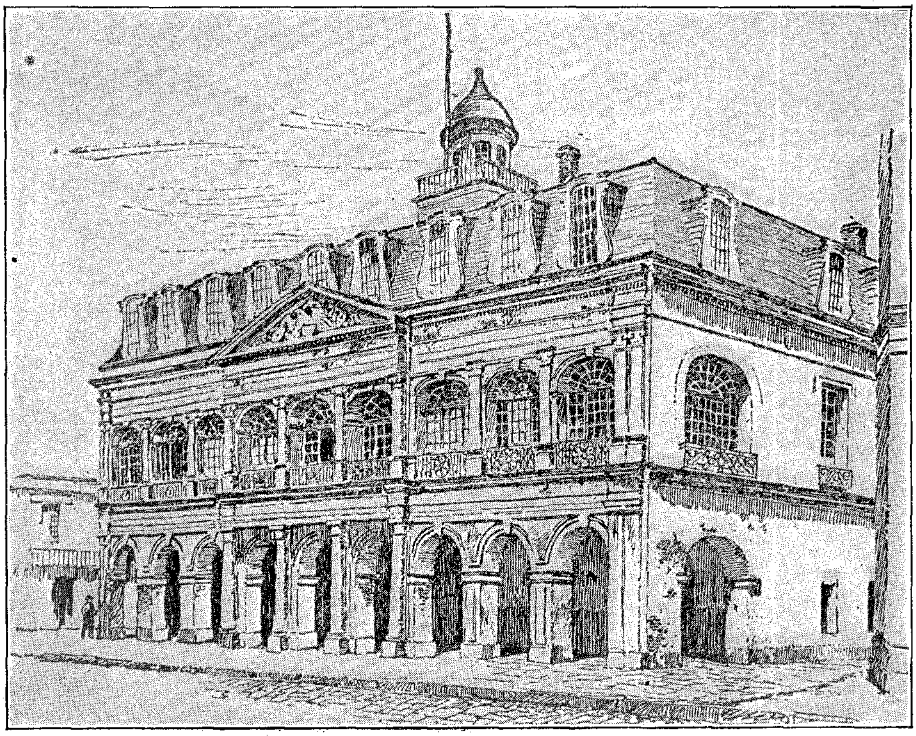
MONTICELLO

The Jefferson Home near Charlottesville, Virginia. Since Jefferson's death the estate has been in the possession of the Levy family. Jefferson M. Levy is the present owner of secession. Jefferson, so far as can be judged from his writings, took no very active part in the initial efforts to cope with a problem that had once more become of the utmost menace to the American body politic. But, from what has already been said, it is not difficult to imagine the interest with which he watched the rising storm and noted how rapidly the country was drifting to a settlement with Spain along the lines laid down in his memorandum to Carmichael nearly ten years before. Not even he, however, could foresee the singular turn affairs were to take before a settlement was actually reached.

The Louisiana country, it must be remembered, had originally belonged to France. Basing her claim on the explorations of La Salle and the gallant adventurers who came after La Salle, she had until the French and Indian War exercised dominion over the fertile lands stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to her Canadian possessions, and from the Appalachian to the Rocky Mountains. Never had she become reconciled to the cruel fate that ousted her completely from these fair territories, compelling her to turn them over in part to England as the result of conquest, and in part to Spain as the price of a Spanish alliance. For a time, torn and weakened by the internal dissensions that culminated in the Revolution, she was obliged to put aside all thought of endeavoring to re-establish her sovereignty overseas. But with the advent of Napoleon and the recrudescence of her vigor under his masterful impulse, her hopes rose anew. To Napoleon himself nothing seemed more desirable than to supplement his Old World programme of French aggrandizement by rebuilding the New World empire of France; and appreciating the essential weakness of Spain, he resolved to make a beginning by securing from her a retrocession of Louisiana, and, if possible, a cession of the Floridas also. Quietly and expeditiously he went to work, dangling before the dynastically ambitious Spanish court the bait of a rich Italian principality. The Floridas he failed to obtain, but, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800, it was agreed that, in return for the elevation of King Charles's son-in-law, the Duke of Parma, to the throne of Tuscany, Spain would reconvey Louisiana to France.

Most mischievous to Spain, this absurdly one-sided bargain, and the more one-sided since Napoleon failed to fulfill his share of the agreement, promised to be no less mischievous to the United States by imposing upon her a powerful and aggressive neighbor. But it was months before so much as a rumor of the projected retrocession reached the shores of America, where, in the meantime, conciliatory action by the Spanish authorities at New Orleans had placated the wrathful men of the West, and where Jefferson had replaced Adams in the Presidential chair. When the news did leak out, it created the greatest uneasiness. Jefferson, who in his inaugural address had indulged his expansionist ideas so far as to assure his countrymen that they were "advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye," frankly voiced his alarm. "We fear," he wrote to his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, May 14, 1801, "that Spain is ceding Louisiana to France, an inauspicious circumstance to us;" and similarly, twelve days later in a letter to Monroe, "There is considerable reason to apprehend that Spain cedes Louisiana and the Floridas to France. It is a policy very unwise in both, and very ominous to us." There was at the time no American Minister to France, but instructions were at once sent to the Minister to Spain urging him to ascertain what truth there might be in the reports concerning the retrocession. No satisfactory intelligence being obtained, the vacancy to France was now filled by the appointment of Robert R. Livingston, who was directed to press diligently for an acknowledgment of Napoleon's intentions. Still nothing definite could be learned, and at last, determined to make plain to France the attitude of the United States, Jefferson personally addressed to Livingston a long letter of instructions, bidding him let Napoleon know that "the day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

Remembering the animosity with which Jefferson had regarded England and all things English since the days of the struggle for independence, and the affection he had hitherto entertained for France, nothing shows more clearly how thoroughly aroused he was. But it is to be observed that his main care was not to keep the French out of Louisiana, but to keep them out of New Orleans, and thus make sure that the gateway to the world's markets would remain open to the Mississippi folk. Already Livingston had been instructed to propose a cession of the Floridas and New Orleans to the United States, and in this same letter Jefferson bade him inform the French Government that such a cession "would certainly, in a great degree, remove the causes of jealousy and irritation between us." Still, he significantly added, "we should consider New Orleans and the Floridas as equivalent for the risk of a quarrel with France produced by her vicinage." In other words, it would be the part of wisdom for France to forego altogether her contemplated occupation of Louisiana. Bold language this, but language that would have had no effect whatever upon the unshakable Napoleon had it not been for the chance concurrence of action proceeding from quite another quarter.

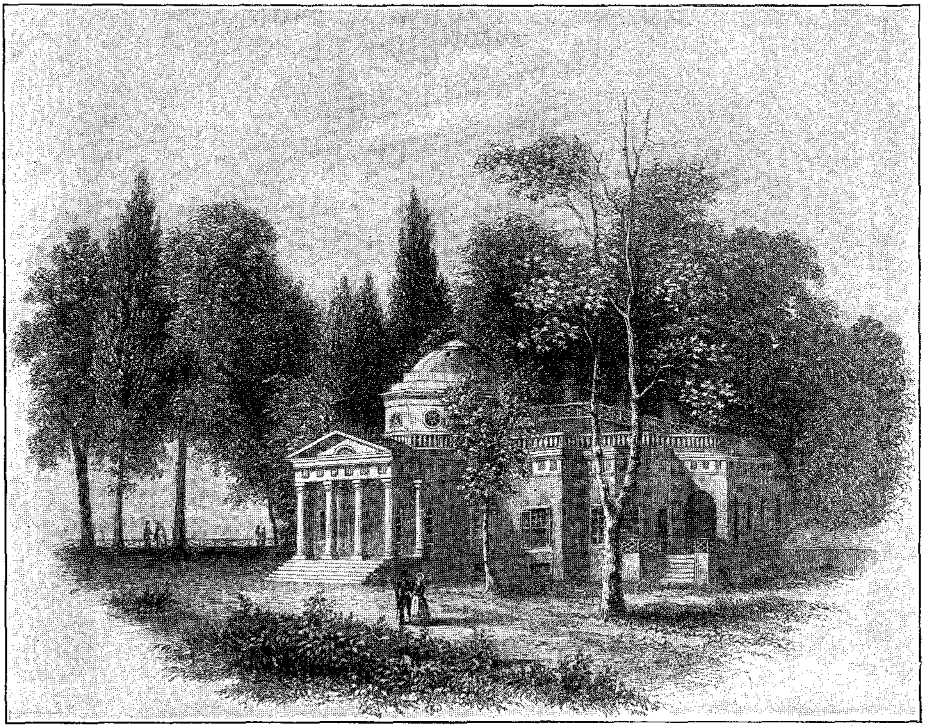


THE OLD SUPREME COURT HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS

Here the first American flag was raised in the Louisiana Purchase

Fully resolved to carry through his plans, deterred only by the persistency with which the heroic negro insurrectionists of San Domingo engaged the troops designed for the occupation of Louisiana, Napoleon suddenly found himself face to face with a war-intending England. Lacking command of the sea, he at once realized the necessity of abandoning his New World enterprise. But he could still hope to win profit from it, profit in money and profit in friendship. England, he told himself, must never win Louisiana. Nor, though he had not paid for it, would he hand it back to Spain. He would, instead, transfer it to the United States, which, he did not doubt, would be willing to pay handsomely for it, and would at the same time forgive and forget past injuries and be drawn into closer relations with France than ever before. And thus it happened that when Jefferson's envoys, Livingston and Monroe, in the spring of 1803 formally approached him with an offer for the purchase of New Orleans and the Floridas, they were informed that France did not have the Floridas to sell, but was quite willing to part not only with New Orleans, but with all Louisiana.

There is nothing to show that this counter-offer had been anticipated and that Monroe and Livingston carried secret instructions authorizing them to accept it. But, confident that their action would be indorsed by Jefferson, Congress, and the Nation, they did not hesitate. Less than a month after Monroe's arrival the treaty was signed, doubling the area of the United States at the cost of a beggarly fifteen million dollars, and setting the seal on her future predominance over the North American continent. Well might Livingston exclaim: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives!" And well might Jefferson feel, when the good news from France reached America, that his dreams were at last coming true and that he had been well justified in viewing the "Confederacy" as "the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled."



MONTICELLO

From an old engraving

There were, to be sure, certain phases of the Purchase that troubled him. A stickler for strict construction of the Constitution, he could find nowhere in the Constitution authority for the acquisition of territory; and, moreover, such acquisition would do violence to another of his strongest political beliefs—the belief that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, it being evident that the people of Louisiana had had no voice in the transaction. But, Constitution or no

Constitution, acquiescence or non-acquiescence, the Purchase, he felt, must be carried through. Writing in August to the Kentucky Senator, John C. Breckenridge, he declared: "Objections are raising to the Eastward against the vast extent of our boundaries, and propositions are made to exchange Louisiana, or a part of it, for the Floridas. But . . . we shall get the Floridas without, and I would not give one inch of the waters of the Mississippi to any nation." He did, indeed, as a compromise with his fears regarding the unconstitutional character of the transaction, suggest that the Constitution be amended to permit the inclusion of Louisiana within the boundaries of the United States, and went so far as to draft an amendment to that effect. But when Livingston sent him word that there was danger of Napoleon's repenting the bargain and repudiating his agreement, he hesitated no longer, summoned Congress in extra session, and forced the treaty to a speedy and a happy vote.

Nor, when we recall his earlier declarations with respect to the future of the United States, can it be deemed surprising that he chose to appear a monster of inconsistency rather than sacrifice the splendid opportunity that so suddenly presented itself. On the contrary, it would have been surprising had he not pursued exactly the course he did. And, as a matter of fact, there was at bottom no inconsistency in his conduct. Uphold as he might State rights, limitations of government, and the like, not even Hamilton was more truly nationalistic at heart than was Thomas Jefferson. His fundamental principle was the welfare of the Nation, the making of the Nation really great and really strong. More than this, as we have seen, his bounding vision overleaped the confines of space and time, hopefully anticipating the moment when his country would attain those "destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye." He did not expect to live to see the first of the great extensions of which he spoke so prophetically, and to bring about which he labored so earnestly. But a kindly fortune granted him that boon, and when the hour struck he was not found wanting.

MISS JAPAN, THE SCHOOL-GIRL

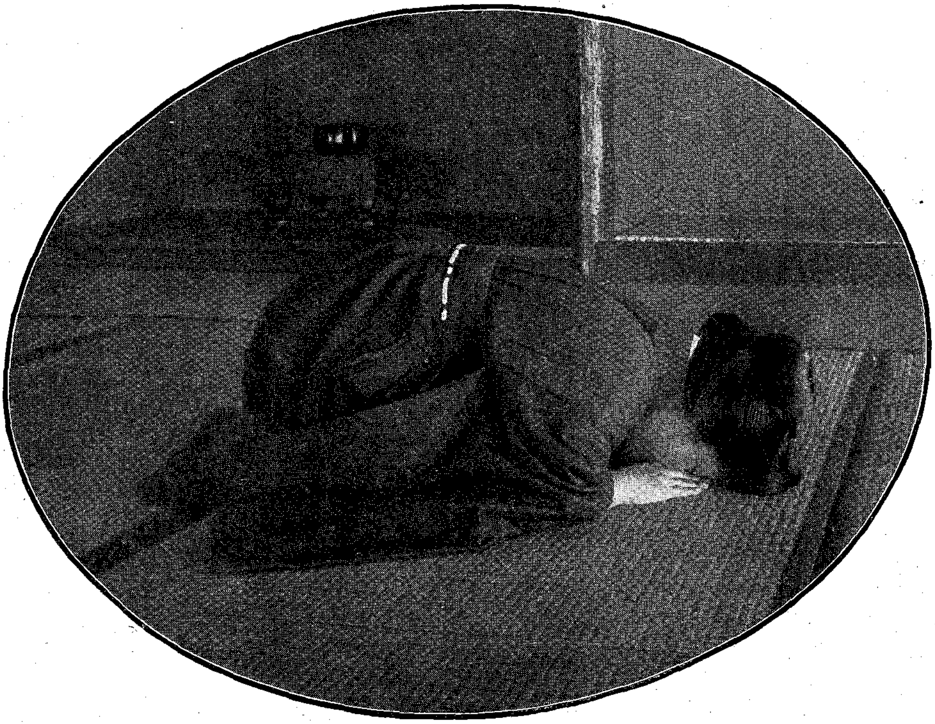
BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

I WAS leaving the beautiful summer home of a member of the wealthiest family in Japan, where the host, his wife, his sister, a woman missionary (an American exotic that blooms fragrantly and beautifully in the Orient), the president of the Woman's University, and myself, had been discussing the nature and progress and possibilities of the new higher education for women that has swept over Japan like a prairie fire. Meditating upon the enthusiastic and idealistic words of one of the group, herself a great philanthropist, patroness of advanced education, and practical business woman, I came upon a scene which formed a sharp contrast to the one I had left. At the very gate of the estate, grubbing with her bare hands in a potato-patch, beneath the pitiless summer sun, was a young woman, on whose bent back hung a baby, with its little head bobbing at every motion of the mother.

That represented the lot of many of the women of Old Japan. The craze for education that has filled to overcrowding every girls' school in the land, with thousands still clamoring outside for admission, will result in taking that young woman and myriads of her sisters out of the potato-patches and the rice-fields, and from beneath the cruel loads such as no able-bodied American man would attempt to carry. Education will entirely change woman's place in the society of this new member of the family of nations. Without losing the gentle grace of the lady of Old Japan, she will yet acquire the self-reliance, independence, liberty, and democracy of her American sister. Already education is leveling caste barriers; the daughter of a jinrikisha man now sits side by side in a certain higher school with the daughter of a governor.

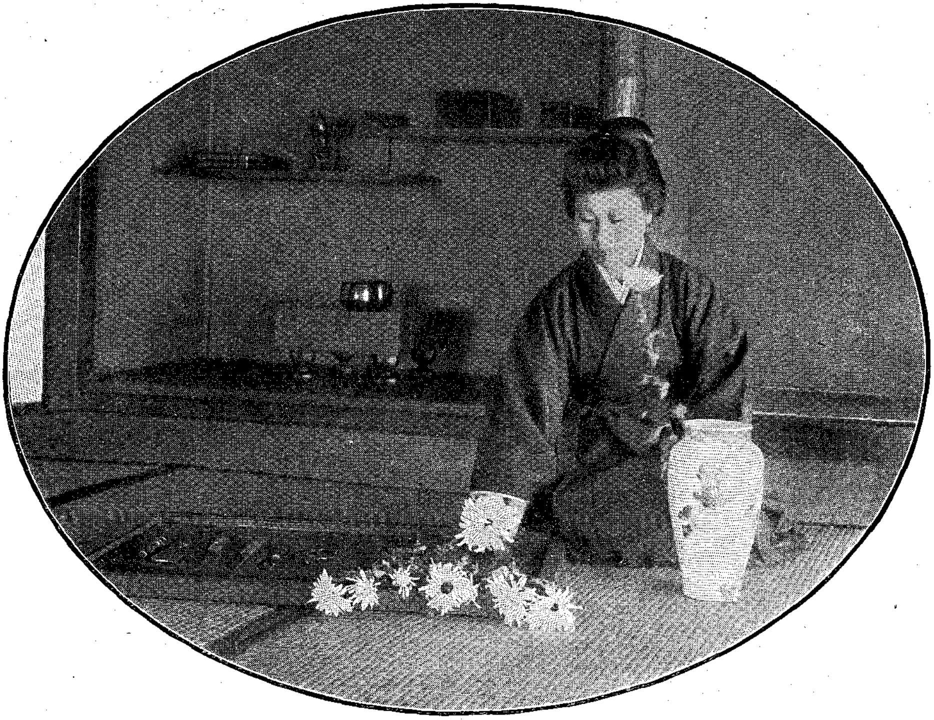
When the prejudice against the education of women fell in Japan, a dozen years ago, it went down with a crash. Theretofore "polite accomplishments" had constituted the education of a Japanese lady; her humbler sister was not educated at all. A woman had no right except such as her husband or father chose to bestow. In her case marriage was the end, and it was truly a lottery, for she had no voice whatever in the selection of a husband, and if, for any reason, this strange man, thus suddenly made the guardian and circumference of her life, did not fancy her, she was cast back upon her family, divorced and shamed. Already many of the educated young women of the Empire are refusing so to be treated; they claim a voice in the choice of their husbands, and certain rights in the home. Some even put aside marriage altogether and give themselves to the service of their sisters, as teachers, physicians, and nurses.

Not that the freedom of the West has come to this demure and smiling maiden. A certain prominent school was the scene of quite a breeze lately because a new American teacher wanted to introduce the study of "Romeo and Juliet" in the English literature classes. "Scandalous!" said the Japanese teachers, and they had their way; for balconies and serenades and kisses (I blush even to write about such things while I sit in a Japanese dwelling!) have no part in the thought or experience of the Japanese woman. How utterly different are the views of Japan and America concerning " the grand passion "—well, there is no such thing as " the grand passion " in the Japanese conception. I heard an American traveler, in addressing a Japanese normal school, allude to the public school teacher as " the American sweetheart." The interpreter had no word with which to translate the phrase, because the character and the word alike do not exist in Japan; so he quoted it bodily, since the expression was unintelligible in Japanese. In passing, it is worthy of mention that all Japanese students, male and female, above a certain grade are obliged to study English, and it is the *bête noire* of modern education. It is said that the girls more readily master this perplexing tongue than their brothers. I once heard a Tokyo college professor say that this is because women have less brains than men, language study being a purely imitative, monkey-like art. To every one's amazement, a Japanese man arose and roundly dissented, vigorously championing woman's cause. Thus has Japan advanced.


SALUTATION
Peeresses' School

Entrance into school life has been like a voyage to the happy isles for the quiet little Japanese girls. Education has opened up a new world, socially as well as intellectually. It would not be easy to find anywhese happier companies of young women than the Japanese girl students. The smiling faces and merry disposition of the young women of the Island Empire have always been famous. On the school campus and in the dormitories this has developed a depth and expansion unknown before. Quite understandable were the tears of a girl whom I saw come to take leave of her teachers and school, as she was about to be married. Among themselves the students have jolly times. As yet, the college yells and college songs have not penetrated to this land, and surreptitious midnight feasts are unknown. These docile, ceremonious little ladies never think of breaking over rules, although their brothers do not hesitate to go on " strike " against an unpopular teacher. The formality of the relations between teacher and pupils would astonish breezy

Miss America. Before every recitation, when the teacher appears, the entire class arises and makes an elaborate bow; and so also at the end of every lesson. One of the favorite diversions of these students, especially when they wish to entertain teachers or visitors, is the production, at an hour's notice, of the most elaborate charades, or representations from Japanese history. In posturing and in dramatic instinct they are highly gifted.



A LESSON IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

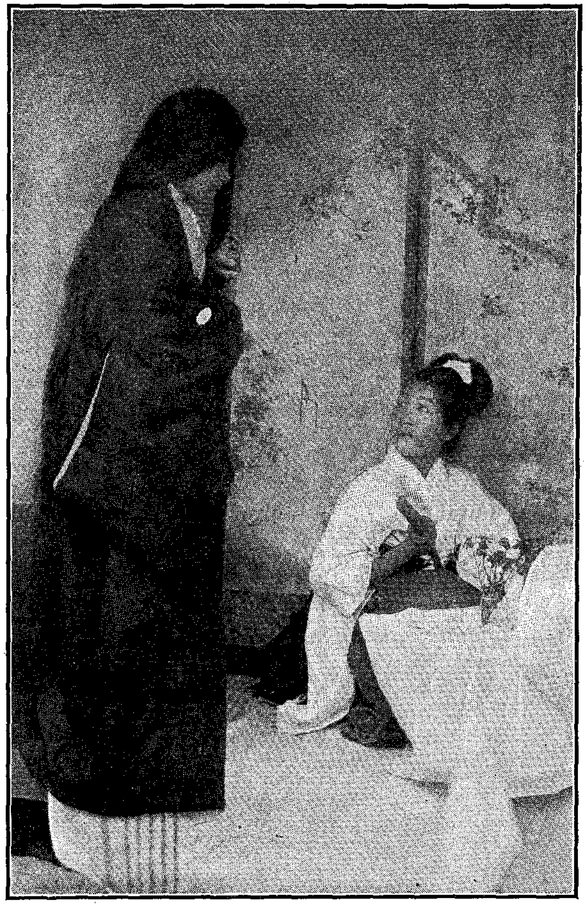
Peeresses' School

The Japanese school-girl wears a costume all her own. It may be seen in every village in the Empire, but most commonly on the streets of Tokyo, which is now the greatest student center in the world. Even the smallest girls attending the government primary schools wear it. This uniform has as its distinguishing feature a dark red or purple *hakama*, or skirt, worn outside the regulation kimono. The latter is always of quiet colors, the gay gowns being worn only by little children and dancing-girls. The popular idea in the West that the Japanese dress in bright colors arises from the fact that almost the only pictures of Japanese girls that have been published are those of dancing-girls. The student's hakama is fastened by a stiff band at the waist, the waist line being close to the armpits. The *obi*, the most characteristic and costly feature of a Japanese woman's dress, is omitted from the student costume. Needless to say, corsets are never worn. The old style of hair-dressing, with its stiffness and elaborateness, requiring the use of a high wooden pillow, gives way in the case of students to the simple American pompadour, which does not take hours to arrange, as does the former fashion. This modern coiffure is coming into vogue among all classes of women. The school-girls wear wooden clogs, or *geta*, held in place by a thong passing between the great toe and the second toe. Short stockings, called *tabi*, with a compartment for the great toe, complete the footwear. Clogs, sandals, or shoes are never worn indoors, with the result that Japanese homes and schools are the cleanest in the world. The geta-boxes are even more necessary at the entrance to a school than are hat-racks in America. Of course the girls do not wear hats. The student carries her books, as all hand packages in Japan are carried, wrapped up in a *furoshiki*, which is a large square of colored cloth.

Dormitory life for the Japanese girl is the "simple life" indeed. When a visitor is shown into one of the small, low-ceiled rooms which two or more girls occupy, he sees nothing but the mats, each six feet by three feet, which constitute the floor, and a small table about ten inches high and three feet square, holding books and inkstone and brush. Perhaps on the walls are a few unframed American pictures. That is all—no bed, no chairs, no bureau, no mirrors. The problem of housekeeping is here reduced to a minimum. Slide open the wall at one end of the room, however, and a closet will be disclosed containing the girls' few articles of raiment (styles do not change in Japan so far as a Westerner can see, though the initiated declare otherwise) and the thick quilts, or *futons*, which, with a small round hard pillow for each girl, constitute the bedding.

More than this the girls do not know nor desire nor need. They sit on the floor, sleep on the floor, and eat from low tables or trays placed on the floor. Some of the school dining-rooms now use chairs, for a reason which will presently be explained. The principal articles of diet are rice and fish, eaten, of course, with chop-sticks. Each girl has her chop-stick box, as an American would have a napkin ring. Adjoining the kitchen is the lavatory, with its rows of individual basins and towels. Near by is the big tub where the girls, a dozen at a time, enjoy the daily hot bath which is a national institution. The expense of an education to a Japanese girl in a higher school will seem ridiculously small to Americans, averaging, as it does, six or seven dollars a month for tuition, board, lodging, books, and incidentals.

Despite the newness of most of the girls' schools, they are surprisingly well equipped. Their apparatus is extensive, their furnishings modern, and their lighting and ventilation an improvement upon even the best Japanese homes. One of the appurtenances which the government department of hygiene requires in every school, and to which it takes Americans a long time to become accustomed in an institution for young women, is a huge and hideous receptacle labeled "spit-box," which adorns every corridor and hallway.



AN IMPROMPTU CHARADE

"Better than hara-kiri is it to live for one's country," counsels the mother, to a patriot arrested in the act of self-destruction

Hiroshima Girls' School

Especially well equipped is the Woman's University at Tokyo, which, although only seven years old, yet has an enrollment of twelve hundred students. This most progressive of Japanese educational institutions for women boasts branches to be found in few women's colleges elsewhere—gardening and chicken-raising, for instance, and practical kitchen classes both in "foreign style" and the Japanese fashion. Although so young, the Woman's University has an alert alumni association, which has erected the "Cherry and Maple Leaf Building" for administrative, business, and social purposes. It publishes a weekly newspaper, and the businesslike manner in which a pretty young Japanese miss interviewed the visitors from America upon current topics was quite typical of New Japan. The phenomenal growth of this largest institution of its kind in Japan is due largely to the fact that the most eminent men and women in the Empire are its supporters, the Empress herself having made a personal gift toward its establishment.

A SCHOOL-GIRL CHARADE
A fugitive queen and her two children in the snow
Hiroshima Girls' School

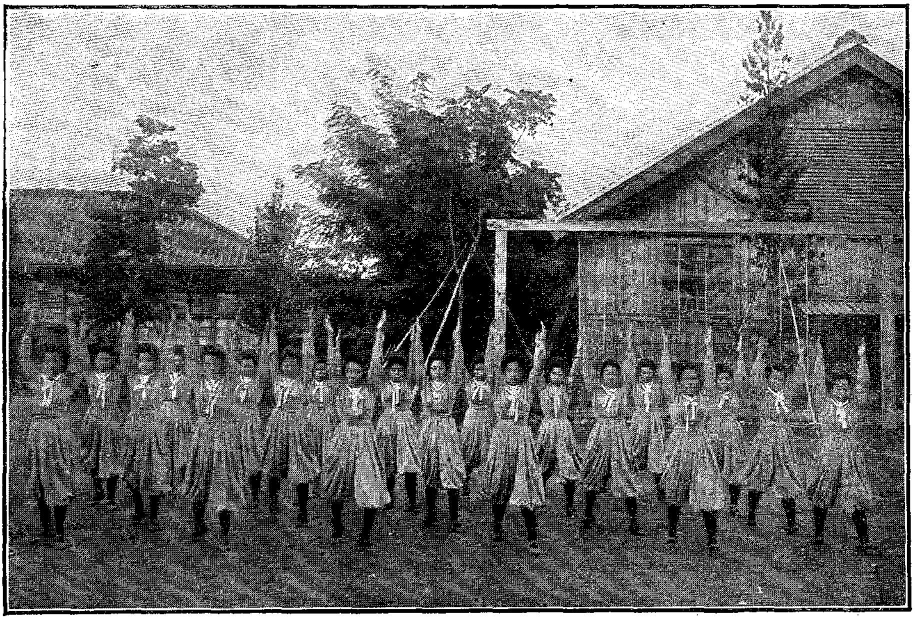
The oldest schools for girls, and probably the most thorough, are those established by missionaries. Some of these are thirty years old, and they have furnished many or most of the teachers for the newer government schools. They are to be found in all sections of the country, and their teachers are noble representatives of America's best.

The course of study which the Japanese student must pursue is different in important particulars from that known to the American girl. She gets no Greek or Latin, having instead to study Chinese, with its countless ideographs. These are more interesting to talk about than to study. Thus, as ungallant male students inform you with a chuckle, the character which represents a house with one woman in it means peace, the same character with two women in it means discord! Japanese history and literature, general history, mathematics, including the difficult abacus or counting-slate, physiology, geography, philosophy, psychology, ethics, zoölogy, botany, physics, domestic science, sewing, drawing, music, and gymnastics, all belong in the ordinary curriculum.

In addition, the girls must learn the polite accomplishments which characterize a Japanese lady. There is a prescribed rule for every detail of social intercourse. The caller is greeted with three profound bows and certain complimentary formulas. The guest returns these in kind—somehow, with all this bowing in close proximity, heads never crack, although I have often looked for it in terror, when it seemed inevitable. How, even with a college education, the Japanese women can regulate her bows, and the length of time she remains bent, to accord with that of the person whom she is greeting, is impossible for the Western mind to understand. Certainly she peeps, but you cannot catch her at it. The simple matter of handing a *zabiton*, or flat cushion, for the guest to sit upon is a delicate one of certain folds, and a bow at prescribed paces, and an extending of the article with certain crooks of the elbow. Slow and painful, albeit graceful, is the offering of writing materials to a guest. For fifteen minutes I watched a picturesque old Samurai, who looked as if he had just stepped out of an ancient print, teaching the intricacies of this to a class of girls; and every thumb had to be in a certain place, and literally every movement of the hands and body was a point of regulation.

When it comes to the weightier matters of the law, like ceremonial tea, then the class in Japanese etiquette realizes the seriousness of life. To describe ceremonial tea (which, after all, is only a coarse bowl of bitter stuff, not to be drunk twice if avoidable) would require an article in itself. The performance lasts for hours, and my own knees were groaning after the first ten minutes. The exceeding solemnity of it all—you may smile at a funeral, but not at ceremonial tea—from the bringing into the room of the special set of utensils, of which a stiff stirrer, in shape like a shaving-brush, is the most interesting—until the last vestige of the ceremony has been removed and the last bow has been made, would drive an American girl into nervous prostration or hysteria.

Writing poetry is a kindred study that differs from anything known to the American school-girl. In Japan, poets are made, not born. The chirography, which is executed upon a long strip of heavy paper of a prescribed kind, is counted somewhat more important than the sentiment, originality being at a discount. There are no considerations of rhyme to bother the student. Japanese poetry has from the beginning ordinarily consisted of alternate lines of five and seven syllables, with an additional seven syllables at the end; and thirty-one syllables is the usual length of the ode, which is generally addressed to some phase of

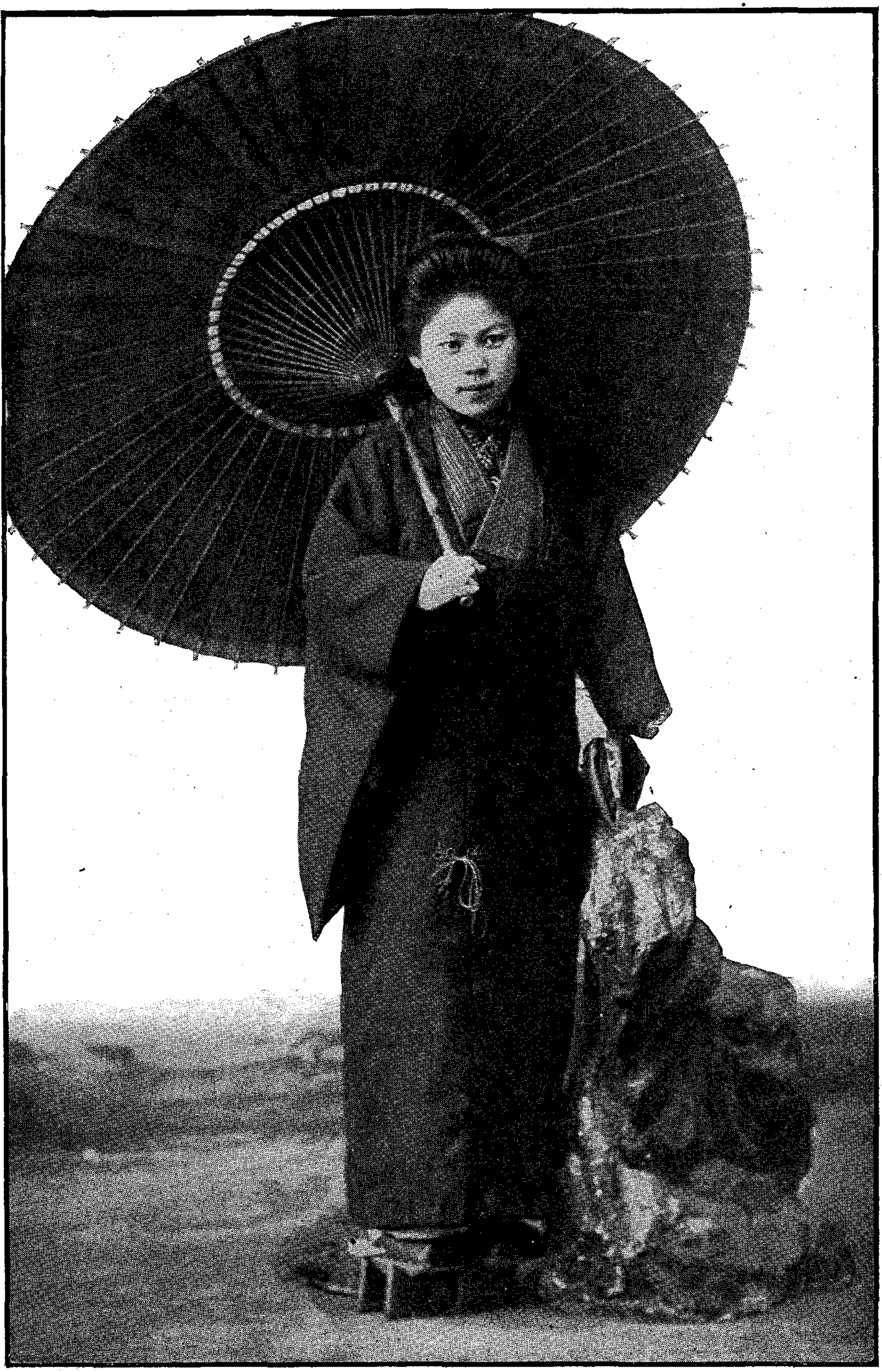


A GYMNASTIC CLASS
Malbashi Normal School

THE HON. MR. OGASAWARA, TEACHER OF CEREMONIES IN THE PEERESSES' SCHOOL
An old Tokugawa retainer, the best archer in Japan, and the most celebrated teacher of etiquette

nature. To the Western mind these poems, literally translated, seem only a few unrelated words, and the real point is frequently missed. A popular story among Europeans resident in Japan tells how the Empress wrote a farewell poem at the departure of Lady Parkes from Japan, using the approved complimentary symbolism. As freely translated to the guest of honor, the poem ran, "Why does the old goose homeward fly?"

Painting, too, on paper, silk, and porcelain stands high in the scale of studies, and creditable work is done in it, as well as in embroidery, flower arrangement, and flower-making. The sewing-room is always in native style, the students being seated on the floor. The stitches taught look like basting, but they are really patterned after an exact fashion. The playing of the *koto*, or harp-like musical instrument of Old Japan, is also taught. One of the striking characteristics of a Japanese girls' school is the number of baby organs to be seen. Until the missionaries came, Japan had nothing worthy of the name of music, and vocal music was long thought to be impossible to the Japanese. That idea has been dissipated by education, and now, go where one will in a girls' school, he is pursued by the groans and cries of tortured baby organs. Japanese girls do learn to become good musicians, both instrumental and vocal. Some of the girls' schools even boast brass bands.



IN RAINY-DAY COSTUME

To physical culture Japanese schools give an amount of attention which no American institution can hope to approach. This department, which the Government itself rigidly insists upon, takes many forms. Sometimes it is with wooden imitations of the ancient long sword, which makes an excellent exercise wand. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and hand rings are commonly employed. Calisthenics, skipping, and dancing, as well as tennis, basket-ball, and many romping games, serve the same end. I shall not forget the first time I saw the Virginia reel danced in Japan. The girls were in trig gymnasium costume, and they went through the movements to the music of "Suwanee River," played on the baby organ, with unsprightly exactness, but, oh! so dolorously! The occasion was not a frolic and not a gleeful relaxation; it could not have been more melancholy had it been a rite of ancestral worship.

In outdoor games, however, and on the apparatus which nearly every school provides, the girls are merry enough. They have open-air exercises and frolics every day, and frequent picnics, and already the height of the Japanese woman is being perceptibly increased.

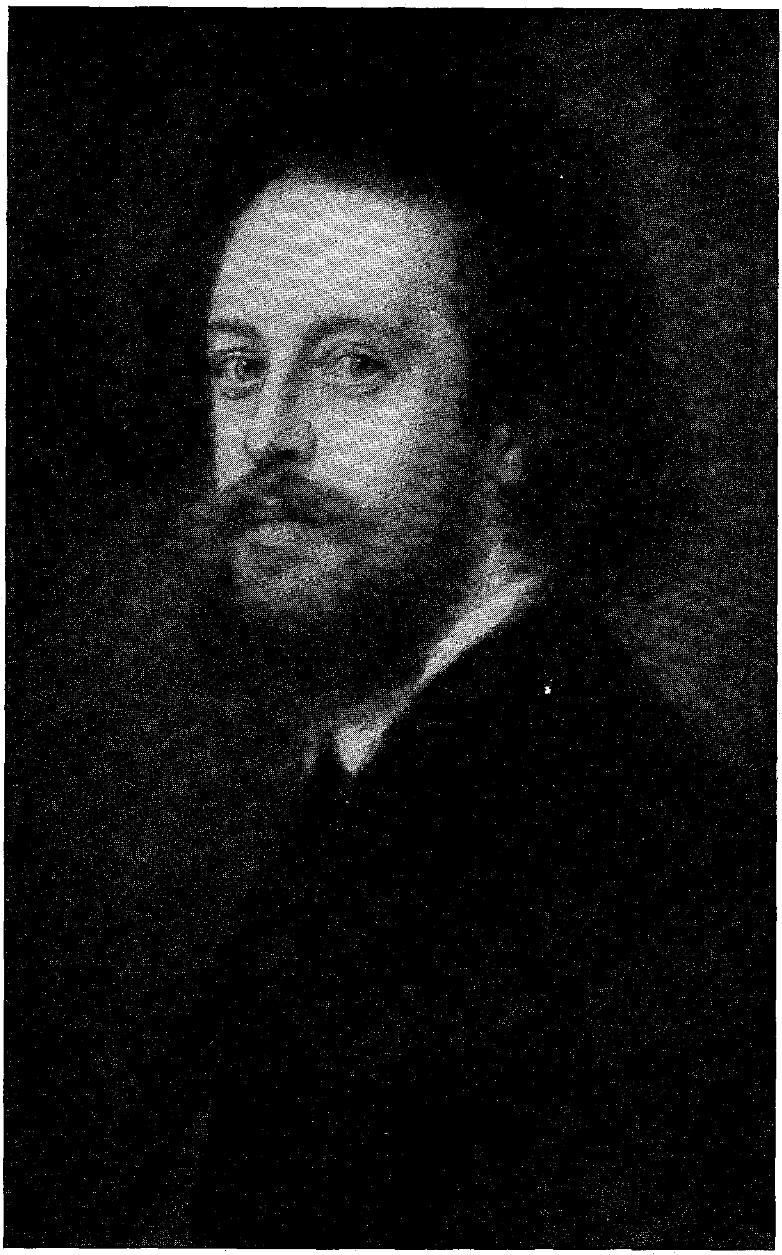
Nothing less than the adding of inches to the national stature is one cherished goal of Japanese education. The country is sensitive upon the subject of its size. It has learned that the shortness is chiefly in the legs, owing to the custom of sitting on the feet; therefore the schools are all equipped with benches. Therefore, also, the oncoming generations are being put through a physical education which is accomplishing the seemingly impossible. The doorways and ceilings of the new Japanese houses are being built higher than of old, for the nation is surely growing taller.

An observer would never suspect from watching these young women students with their merry, guileless ways and gleeful abandonment in the smallest pleasures, that serious moral and social problems are bound up in their education. Yet the most momentous fact about this new educational movement is that it is working a social revolution and creating in the Japanese nation the moral standards of the Anglo-Saxon world.

One must know her intimately to understand that this innocent, childlike Oriental miss is capable of the most serious womanly achievements possible to her Western sister. She has purpose, stamina, and ability to bring things to pass. In many respects the life of the student girls is self-governing, and their efficiency as teachers and administrators is marvelous, when compared with the helpless exclusiveness of the Japanese girl of a generation ago.

A FENCING LESSON

Miss Ume Tsuda's English School



PAUL HEYSE

From the painting by Franz von Lenbach

L'ARRABIATA[1]

BY JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL HEYSE

WITH INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

FOR many years the two men who attracted greatest attention in the streets of Munich were Lenbach, the painter, and Paul Heyse, the poet and novelist. It fell to the lot of Lenbach to portray a group of the most powerful personalities that modern Germany has produced. The collection of portraits in the Leipsic Gallery, for instance, need no descriptive phrases in a handbook to make one aware that he is seeing the makers of Imperial Germany drawn by the hand of a powerful and relentlessly truthful portrait-painter. Heyse, on the other hand, has made a series of sketches of romantic types of character, and given expression to a side of the German nature once dominant and now in eclipse, though probably only for the moment. In the studies of the painter one recognizes executive Germany, the Prussian type; in those of the novelist, romantic Germany, the Bavarian type.

White-haired now, but with a touch of distinction in his bearing which makes him a marked figure whenever he appears on the streets, it is easy to imagine Heyse's brilliant youth in the golden age of Maximilian, patron of Arts and Letters in a city which was then in a special sense the home of the arts before factories and business had made it a bustling modern town. The son and grandson of scholars of eminence, with Jewish blood in his veins, Heyse studied classical philology at Berlin under distinguished teachers; and, later, the Romance languages and literatures at Bonn. He was ardent, imaginative, ambitious; his inherited tastes and his studies inevitably developed cosmopolitan tastes and interests. At twenty he was writing poems and plays, and the first of a long series of volumes was given to the public. A story used to be told in Munich illustrative of the fact that a man may gain an international fame without securing local reputation. After a long residence on the same square, a neighbor said to the novelist: "Herr Heyse, I hear that you write stories. Is that true?" The writer confessed that there was ground for the charge. "Would you mind lending me one?" was the prompt response. Lyrics; epics, of which "Thekla" is the most widely known; poetic dramas, often seen on the German stage; and stories, long and short, came from his hand in an almost continuous outpouring of productive energy. The Schiller prize for excellence in dramatic composition was conferred on him by the Emperor twenty-three years ago.

It is as a writer of fiction, and especially of short stories, that Heyse is best known outside his own country. Two of his long novels, "In Paradise" and "The Children of the World," have appeared in many editions and translations; but he has written nothing more characteristic or popular than "L'Arrabiata," a translation of which The Outlook reprints this week in the series of twelve representative stories in languages other than English. This idyllic tale of Italian peasant life shows

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[1] Reprinted from "Little Masterpieces of Fiction," by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Heyse at his best, because it brings out his sensitiveness to his subject, his charm of manner, his artistic feeling, his cosmopolitan sympathy, and the grace that is born of this special activity of the imagination. It discloses also his poetic feeling, his delicate sentiment, his rare power of description.

In no sense a great writer, Heyse has gifts of temperament, passion, and feeling of a high order; and his work has the distinction of charm, beauty, and artistic emotion rather than of creative power or of an original and penetrating view of life. His figures are picturesquely rather than firmly drawn, and his work lacks the deep and moving dramatic interest which comes from a vivid sense or powerful grasp of moral realities. From this point of view Heyse's world is hazy, and lacks sharp definition, strong lines, vigorous handling. He moves through it like a pleasant host rather than like a dispassionate and clear-sighted recorder. It is not so much an immoral as an unmoral world in which the actors in "In Paradise" and "The Children of the World" have their being. For this reason they do not appeal either with the commanding power of those who create a good world about themselves or with the tragic power of the victims of a bad world. Some one has spoken of the confusion of marital relations of a certain class of artists in southern Germany; it is this particular kind of a paradise which Heyse has described in his interesting novel of artistic life. The law is not so much broken as quietly relaxed to the vanishing point.

Two phrases give the key to "In Paradise" and "The Children of the World:" "Follow nature," and "There is but one true nobility, to be true to one's best self." These are fundamental maxims in a free and vigorous life, but they need a large interpretation in terms not only of a complete life but of a life of relations. Heyse makes them the keynotes of extreme individualism: "Follow your impulse" and "Genius is a law unto itself" are the comfortable doctrines of the very agreeable people who make the unphilistine but not inspiring world of "In Paradise." In such a garden natural affinity makes its easy selections, and, the law of reaction having been suspended, there are few tragic consequences though there are many tragic events. The deeper consciousness of the later German novelists and dramatists has not touched Heyse's work; it remains sweet and harmonious, but sensuous. In reproducing this world, in which sculpture, painting, music, and poetry are the chief interests, Heyse has shown rare refinement of feeling, artistic sensibility, and love of beauty. If moral laws were merely social conventions and a man could follow the impulse of the moment wherever it led, without thought of its ultimate reactions on himself and others, Heyse's Paradise would be a garden of delights instead of a mirage in which waters that make music at a distance sink into sand, and trees that bear the fruit of life wither and vanish at the touch of reality.

Heyse is the connecting link between the older generation of novelists—Freytag, whose "Debit and Credit" has been so widely read, Spielhagen, whose storm-and-stress stories, "Problematic Characters," "Hammer and Anvil," "Through Night to Light," a generation ago gave promise of a grasp and an insight into new conditions which were never fulfilled, and Auerbach, whose "On the Heights" has great beauty but is weakened by the German tendency to speculative generalization—and the recent novelists, Sudermann, whose great talent still halts on the threshold of a convincing achievement; Hauptmann, whose "Sunken Bell" pointed the way to a height which he has not yet ascended; and a group of women novelists, some of whom have been celebrating the fall of the Bastille of German social conventionality by dancing, not the carmagnole, but the cancan, and have attained a degree of frankness which makes "Indiana" a novel of reserve and "Mlle. de Maupin" a story for the home circle. Between the older novels, which dealt largely with the ultimate problem of the relation of the Ideal to the Real, and the recent novel and drama, which deal largely with the problem of the relation of the individual will to the social will, Heyse holds a central position and concerns himself with the trials and joys of the artistic life, and with the rights and privileges of genius rather than with its obligations as a special and unique manifestation of spirit.

H. W. M.

THE sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius hung a broad, gray sheet of mist, which stretched across as far as Naples, and darkened the little towns along that strip of coast. The sea lay calm. But on the quays, which had been built along a small inlet of the sea under the high cliffs of the Sorrentine shore, the fishermen and their wives were already astir for the purpose of drawing ashore with stout cables the boats from which their nets had hung during the night. Others rigged their craft, trimmed the sails, or dragged oars and masts out of the huge grated vaults hewn deep into the rock to serve as a shelter for the tackle overnight. No one was idle; for even the aged who could no longer venture out upon the sea became links in the long chain of those who were hauling in the nets. Here and there on a flat roof stood an old woman spinning or busying herself with her grandchildren, whose mother was helping her husband.

"Do you see, Rachela? Yonder is our *padre curato*," said one of the old women to a little thing of ten, swinging a spindle beside her. "At this moment he is entering the boat. Antonio is to row him over to Capri. Maria Santissima, how drowsy the reverend *signore* looks!" And she waved her hand to a diminutive, benevolent-looking priest, who was settling himself comfortably in the boat, after he had carefully lifted up the skirts of his black coat and spread them over the wooden seat. The others on the shore stopped in their work to watch their pastor set out, while he distributed friendly greetings right and left.

"And why must he go to Capri, grandmother?" asked the child. "Have the people there no pastor, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't ask such foolish questions," said the old woman. "They have enough priests there, and the finest churches, and even a hermit, which is more than we have. But there is a noble *signora* who dwelt long at Sorrento, and was so ill that many a time the *padre* had to carry her the Most Holy Sacrament when it was thought she would not outlive the night. But, by the help of the Holy Virgin, she grew to be hale and strong again, so that she could bathe in the sea daily. And when she left here for Capri, she gave a great heap of ducats to the church and the poor folk, and would not go, they say, until the *padre* had promised to visit her there that she might confess to him. For it is astonishing in what esteem she holds him. Truly, we may bless ourselves for having a *curato* who has the gifts of an archbishop, and who is so much sought after by the great folk. The Madonna be with him!" And again she waved her hand toward the little boat which was just putting out from shore.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" asked the little priest, looking thoughtfully over toward Naples.

"The sun is not yet out," answered the fellow. "We sha'n't let a bit of mist annoy us."

"Then row fast, so that we may arrive before the heat sets in."

Antonio was on the point of grasping the long oar, to propel the bark into the open sea, when he stopped suddenly, and gazed up at the steep path that leads from the little town of Sorrento to the quays below. Above was visible a slender girlish figure, tripping hastily down the stones and waving a kerchief.

She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her attire was poor enough. But she had a noble, if somewhat wild, way of throwing back her head, and the dark tresses wreathed about her forehead bore the semblance of a crown.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the *curato*.

"There's some one else coming who wishes to go to Capri—if you permit, *padre*. We'll go no slower for that; she's only a young thing, barely eighteen."

At that moment the girl appeared from behind the wall which incloses the winding path. "Laurella?" asked the *curato*. "What business has she in Capri?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. She came down with rapid strides, looking straight before her.

"Good-day, l'Arrabiata!" shouted several of the young boatmen. They would have said more, had not the *curato's* presence kept them in check, for the sullen silence with which the girl received their greeting seemed to tempt the more wanton among them.

"Good-day, Laurella," the priest cried too. "How are you? You wish to come with us to Capri?"

"If it is permitted, *padre*."

"Ask Antonio; he owns the boat. Every man is lord of his own, and God is the Lord of us all."

"There is half a *carlino*," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman, "if it's enough!"

"You may have better use for it," he muttered, and shoved aside some baskets of oranges to make room. These he was to sell at Capri, for that rocky isle does not produce enough for the needs of its many visitors.

"I do not care to go for nothing," answered the girl, and her black eyebrows quivered.

"Come, child," said the priest; "he is a good lad, and does not want to enrich himself at the expense of your poverty. There, step in," and he held out his hand to her—"and sit down next to me. See, he has spread his jacket that you may sit more comfortably. He did not think of doing it for me. But that is like young people. They take more care of a slip of a girl than of ten reverend fathers. Never mind, Tonino, there's no excuse needed. Thus has the Lord made us, that like and like hold together."

Meantime, Laurella had stepped in and taken her seat, after having silently pushed the jacket away. The young boatman let it lie, and murmured something between his teeth. Then he pushed vigorously away from the pier, and the little boat flew out into the bay.

"What have you in the bundle?" asked the *padre*, as they floated over the sea, just turning gold under the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, thread, and a loaf, *padre*. I am to sell the silk to one woman in Capri who makes ribbons, and the thread to another."

"Did you spin it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I am not mistaken, you also once learned how to weave ribbons."

"Yes, sir. But mother is so much worse again that I cannot work away from home, and a loom of our own we cannot afford."

"Worse again? Ah me! When I was with you, last Easter, she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the worst time for her. Since we had those great storms and earthquakes, she has been forced to lie abed from pain."

"Cease not to pray, my child, that the Blessed Virgin may intercede for you; and be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard."

After a pause: "When you were coming down toward the shore, I heard them calling to you 'Good-day, l'Arrabiata.' Why should they speak thus? 'Tis no nice name for a Christian girl, who should be gentle and mild." The girl's dark face glowed and her eyes flashed.

"They mock me because I will not dance and sing like the others, and have few words for any. But they shall leave me in peace. I do them no harm."

"True, but you can be civil to all. Let the others dance and sing, to whom life is an easier matter; but even the sorrowful may utter a kind word."

She lowered her dark eyes, and drew her brows closer over them, as if to hide them. For a space they floated on in silence. Over the mountains stood the splendor of the sun; the peak of Vesuvius soared out from the mass of clouds that hid its base, and the houses on the plain of Sorrento glittered white from amid the green orange groves.

"Has that painter never been heard of again?" asked the *curato*—"that Neapolitan who wanted you to be his wife?"

She shook her head.

"He came to paint your picture. Why would you not let him?"

"What did he want it for? There are handsomer girls than I. And then, who can tell what he would have done with it. He might have bewitched me, my mother said, or injured my soul."

"Believe not such sinful things," said the priest, earnestly. "Are we not always in God's hand, and shall a mere man, with naught but a picture, prevail against the Lord? And you could see that he wished you well, or he would not have cared to marry you."

She was silent.

"And why did you refuse him? He was an honest man, they say, and handsome, and would have earned a better living for you and your mother than ever you can with your bit of spinning and weaving."

"We are only poor folk," she said, passionately, "and mother has been ill for so long. We should have become a burden to him. And I should not suit a fine gentleman. If his friends had come to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How can you speak so? I tell you the man was an excellent one. And, moreover, he wished to live at Sorrento. It will be long before another comes, as if sent from heaven to help you."

"I do not want a husband, and never shall!" she said defiantly, as if to herself.

"Have you made a vow, or do you intend to enter a convent?"

She shook her head.

"The people are right enough who reproach you for your willfulness, even though the name they give you is an unkind one. You do not remember that you are not alone in the world, and that your stubbornness only embitters your sick mother's life. And what weighty reason can you give why you should reject every honest hand held out to assist you and your mother? Answer me, Laurella!"

"Well, I have a reason," she said, softly and reluctantly, "but I cannot reveal it."

"Not reveal it—not even to me, your confessor, whom you trust and whom you know to be your friend?"

Laurella nodded.

"Then ease your mind, child. If you are right, I shall be the last to oppose you. But you are young, and know little of the world, and you may some day come to regret having thrown away your good fortune for some childish fancy."

She threw a quick, shy look at the young fellow who sat astern, busily rowing, his woolen cap pulled low over his forehead. He gazed far out across the sea and seemed buried in his own thoughts. The *curato* saw her look, and inclined his head nearer to her.

"You never knew my father," she whispered, and her eyes gleamed darkly.

"Your father? He died, I believe, when you were barely ten. What has your father (may his soul rest in Paradise) to do with your stubbornness?"

"You never knew him, *padre*. You do not know that he alone was the cause of mother's illness."

"And how?"

"Because he ill-treated her, and beat her, and trampled upon her. I remember the nights when he came home raging. She never said a word, and obeyed him in all things. But he beat her so that my heart nearly broke. Then I pulled the bedclothes over my head, and pretended to sleep. But I wept through the night. And then, when he saw her lying on the floor, he would suddenly lift her up, and kiss her till she cried out that he would strangle her. Mother forbade me ever to speak of this; but it wore her out so that, during all these long years since his death, she has never been able to get well. And, if she should die before her time, which may Heaven forbid, I know right well who killed her."

The little priest wagged his head slowly, undetermined how far he should approve the young girl's reasons. At the last he said: "Forgive him even as your mother has forgiven him. Fix not your thoughts on those sad memories, Laurella. Happier days will come and make you forget all that."

"Never can I forget that," she said, and shuddered. "And this is the reason, *padre*, why I wish to remain single—that I may not have to live with any one who would first ill-treat and then caress me. If now some one were to beat me or kiss me, I should know how to defend myself; but my mother could defend herself neither against the blows nor the kisses, because she loved him. And I do not wish to love any one so dearly that I must be ill and wretched for the sake of him."

"Ah, but you are a child, and speak like one who does not know how things go in the world. Are all men like your poor father, that they yield to every mood and passion, and are unkind to their wives? Have you not seen good, honest people enough in the whole neighborhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Yes, but it was not known of my father either, how he behaved to my mother, for she would rather have died a thousand times than speak of it or complain. And all this was so because she loved him. If love be such that it seals the lips when one should cry for help, and makes one defenseless against worse things than one would expect from one's bitterest enemy—if that is love, then I will never set my heart upon any man."

"And I tell you that you are a child, and know not of what you speak. Your heart will little ask you, when the time comes, whether you wish to love or not. All that you take into your head now will not help you then." He paused; then he added: "And that painter, did you think that he, too, would be cruel?"

"He had the same look in his eyes that I saw in my father's when he begged mother's pardon, and took her in his arms to make it up with her. I know that look. A man can have that look and yet find it in his heart to beat his wife who has never done anything to vex him. I shuddered when I saw that look."

Then she became persistently silent. Nor did the *curato* speak. He thought of many edifying sayings with which to comfort the girl, but the presence of the young boatman, who had grown restless during the latter part of the conversation, closed his lips.

When they arrived in the little harbor of Capri, after a two hours' row, Antonio carried the little priest out of the boat over the shallow waves by the shore, and set him down reverently. But Laurella would not wait until he waded back for her. She gathered her short skirts about her, took her little wooden shoes in one hand and her bundle in the other, and splashed trippingly to the shore.

"I shall probably make a long stay at Capri to-day," said the *padre;* "you need not wait for me. I may not return until to-morrow. And you, Laurella, when you return home, remember me to your mother. I will stop in to see you within the week. You return before night, do you not?"

"If there is a chance," said the girl, as she busied herself with her skirts.

"I must return, too, as you know," said Antonio in a tone of forced indifference. "I shall wait for you until the *Ave Maria*. If you do not come then, it will be just the same to me."

"You must come, Laurella," said the little priest. "You should not leave your mother alone at night. Must you go far?"

"To a vineyard in Anacapri."

"And I to Capri. God keep you, child, and you, my son!"

Laurella kissed his hand, and murmured a farewell for the *padre* and Antonio to share between them. Antonio would have none of it. He doffed his cap to the *padre*, but did not give Laurella a look.

When, however, they had both turned their backs, his eyes followed the *padre*, who was laboriously crossing the loose gravel for only a little space, and then turned to the girl, who was ascending the rock toward the right and shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun. The shore lay below her; above her towered the steep crag. The sea was azure with an unusual depth of color—it was a sight worthy to linger over. And chance would have it so that her look, passing the bark of Antonio, met the look with which his eyes had followed her. Each made a movement as if in excuse for some mistake, and then the girl, with her darkest frown, continued on her way.

It was an hour after noon. For two hours Antonio had been sitting on a bench in front of the fishers' tavern. Something was on his mind, for every now and then he would jump up, step out into the sun, and gaze carefully along the road which led, right and left, to the two little island towns. He seemed not to trust the weather, and said so to the hostess of the tavern. It was clear enough, to be sure, but he knew that color of the sea and sky. Just so had it looked before the last great storm, when the English family was barely saved. Did she remember?

"No," said the woman.

"Well, if the weather were to change before night, she was to think of him," he said.

"Have you many rich people over there?" asked the woman after a while.

"It is just beginning. We have had bad times up to now. Those who come for the sake of the baths, came late."

"It was a late spring. Did you earn more than we here at Capri?"

"Hardly enough for macaroni twice a week, if I had been dependent on my boat alone. To carry a letter to Naples now and then, or to take a fine gentleman fishing—that was about all. But you know that my uncle has large orange groves, and is a man of substance. 'Tonio,' said he, 'you shall not want for anything so long as I live, and afterward you will not go empty, either.' And so, with the help of God, I got through the winter."

"Has your uncle any children?"

"No. He never married, and lived in foreign parts for a long time, where he gathered many a good *lira*. Now he is going to set up a great fishing business, and will put me at the head of it to look after his interests."

"Why, then, you are a made man, Antonio."

The young boatman shrugged his shoulders. "Every one has his own load to carry," he said. Then he jumped up again and looked at the sky to the right and left, although he knew that there can be but one weather side.

"I'll bring you another bottle; your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only another glassful; your wine here is of a fiery quality. Even now my head is warm with it."

"But it does not heat the blood. You may drink as much as you care to. Here comes my husband; you must sit and chat a while with him."

And, in fact, there he came, down from the heights, the stately *padrone* of the tavern, a net hung over his shoulder, and a red cap on his curly hair. He had taken into the town fish which had been ordered by a noble lady for the *padre's* dinner. As soon as he espied the young boatman, he waved him a cordial welcome, took his seat on the bench, and began to ask questions and tell of his own doings. His wife was just bringing a second bottle of the genuine wine of Capri, when the white sand to the left crunched beneath a footstep, and Laurella appeared on the road from Anacapri. She nodded slightly, and then stood still hesitatingly.

Antonio jumped up. "I must go," said he; "there's a girl from Sorrento who came over with the *signore curato* this morning, and must return for the night to her sick mother."

"Well, well, it's a long time till night," said the fisherman. "There's time enough for her to drink a glass of wine with us. Come, wife, bring another glass."

"I thank you, but I do not drink," said Laurella, and remained at a distance.

"Fill the glass, wife; fill it! She only needs a little urging."

"Let her be," said the young fellow. "She has a stubborn mind, and no saint can persuade her against her will." And therewith he said a quick farewell, ran down to his boat, loosened the rope, and stood waiting for the girl. The latter nodded once more to the hosts of the tavern, and then, with hesitating steps, approached the bark. She looked about in all directions, as if she were expecting another passenger. But the shore was deserted; the fishermen slept or were out at sea with their rods and nets; a few women and children sat before their doors, sleeping or spinning, and the strangers, who had come over in the morning, were waiting until the cooler part of the day for their return. Laurella had not long to wait, for, ere she could stop him, Antonio had taken her into his arms, and carried her, as though she were a child, into the boat. Then he leapt in after her, and with a few strokes of his oar they were out on the open sea. She had taken her seat at the end of the boat, half averted from him, so that he could see her profile only. Her features seemed sterner than ever; the low, straight brow was shaded by her hair; the delicate nostril quivered willfully, but her rounded lips were firmly closed. After they had thus gone on for a space in silence, she began to feel the heat of the sun, unwrapped her bundle, and threw the kerchief over her head. Then she began to eat, making her dinner of bread, for she had eaten nothing at Capri.

Antonio could not bear this long. He took out of the baskets two oranges that had been left over from the morning, and said: "Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella. Don't think I kept them for you. They rolled from the baskets into the boat, and there I found them."

"Do you eat them. The bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat, and you have walked far."

"They gave me a drink of water, and that refreshed me."

"As you please," he said, and let the oranges fall back into the basket.

Silence once more. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. Not a ripple was heard against the prow. Even the white sea-birds that roost among the caves at Capri sought their prey in silence.

"You might have taken the oranges to your mother," Antonio began again.

"We have oranges at home, and when they are gone I can go and buy others."

"Well, then, take them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"You could tell her whom I am."

"I do not know you either."

It was not the first time that she had thus denied him. A year ago, when that painter had been in Sorrento, it happened that one Sunday Antonio, with another young fellow, was playing bowls on the little public square near the main street. There the painter first saw Laurella, who was carrying a water-jug on her head, and went past without noticing him. The Neapolitan, struck by her appearance, stood still, and gazed after her, not seeing that he stood in the midst of the game which he might have cleared with two steps. A swift ball whirred against his ankle, to remind him that here was not the place to lose himself in meditation. He looked about, as if expecting some excuse. But the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent and defiant amid his friends, so the stranger found it advisable to avoid a discussion and go his ways. But the encounter had been remarked upon, and was spoken of anew when the painter had openly pressed his suit to Laurella. "I do not even know him," she had said indignantly, when the painter asked whether he was being refused for the sake of that uncivil fellow. But she had heard the gossip, too, and since then, whenever she had met Antonio, she recognized him well enough.

And now they sat together in the boat like the deadliest enemies, while the hearts of both throbbed furiously. Antonio's usually good-natured face was crimson; he struck out with his oars so violently that the foam spattered him, and at times his lips twitched as if he were uttering angry words. She pretended not to notice, wore her most unconcerned look, and bent over the side of the boat letting the cool water glide through her fingers. Then she unwound the kerchief, and arranged her hair, as if she were alone in the boat. Only, her eyebrows quivered, and it was in vain that she held her cool, moist hands against her burning cheeks.

Now they were well out in the open sea, and no sail was to be seen near or far. The island was left behind, the coast lay far before them in the sunny haze; not even a sea-mew disturbed that great loneliness. Antonio looked about him. An idea seemed to take shape in his mind. The color suddenly faded from his cheeks, and he let the oars fall. Involuntarily, Laurella looked at him with strained attention, but without fear.

"I must make an end of this!" the young fellow broke forth. "It has lasted too long already, and I wonder it has not made an end of me before. You say that you do not know me? Have you not seen long enough how I pass you like a madman, my whole heart full of what I had to tell you? And you only made a cross face, and turned your back to me!"

"What had I to say to you?" she answered, curtly. "I saw well enough that you wished to meddle with me, and I did not want to be on the tongues of wicked gossips for nothing at all. Because I will not have you for a husband—neither you nor any other."

"Nor any other? You will not always talk like that. Because you sent the painter away? Pshaw! you were a mere child then! Some day you will feel lonely, and then, mad as you are, you will take the first who offers himself."

"No one can foresee the future; maybe I might change my mind. What is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" he burst forth, and jumped up from the bench so that the little boat rocked. "What is it to me, you say? Surely you know. The man will meet with a bad end that you are kinder to than you have been to me!"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Is it my fault if you are mad? What right have you to me?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "to be sure, it has not been put in writing; no advocate has put it into Latin and stamped it with his seal. But I have as much right to you as I have to enter Heaven if I have been an honest man. Do you think I can look on while you go into church with another and bear to have the girls pass me shrugging their shoulders?"

"Do as you please. You cannot frighten me with all your threats, but I, too, shall do what I please."

"You shall not speak like this any more!" His whole body shook with passion. "I am man enough not to let a stubborn wench like you spoil my life any longer. Do you know that you are in my power here and must do my bidding!"

She started slightly, but her eyes flashed at him.

"Kill me if you dare."

"One should do nothing by halves," he said, and his voice sounded hoarse. "There's room for both of us in the sea. I cannot help it, child"—he spoke these last words almost beseechingly and dreamily—"we must both go down there, both—now, now!" he shouted, and encircled her suddenly with both arms. But in an instant he drew back his right hand; the blood gushed out; she had bitten him fiercely.

"Must I do your bidding?" she cried, and pushed him away with a rapid movement. "We shall see whether I am in your power!" Swiftly she sprang overboard, and disappeared, for a moment, in the depths.

She rose again at once. Her little skirt clung close; her hair, loosened by the waves, hung heavy about her neck. With swift, strong, silent strokes of her arms, she swam away from the boat toward the coast. His senses seemed numbed by a sudden fright. He stood in the boat bent forward, his eyes fixed upon her as if he were witnessing a miracle. He shook himself, threw himself upon his oars, and, straining every nerve, rowed after her, while blood streamed into the bottom of the boat.

Swiftly though she swam, he was at her side in a trice. "For the love of the Holy Virgin, come into the boat!" he cried. "I have been mad, mad! God alone can tell what darkened my brain. Like a flash of lightning it came upon me and flamed up in me, and I forgot what I was saying or doing. I don't ask you to forgive me, Laurella; only save yourself!"

She swam on as if she had heard nothing.

"You cannot reach the land; it is two miles off. Think of your mother! If you were drowned, I should die of horror!"

She measured the distance with her eyes, and then, without replying, swam back to the boat and grasped its side with her hands. He rose to help her, and his jacket, which had been lying on the bench, slipped into the sea as the boat tilted under the girl's weight. With great agility, she swung herself on board and regained her former seat. Seeing her safe, he took up his oars again. She wrung the water out of her skirt and hair. When she saw the blood at the bottom of the boat, she glanced swiftly at the hand which plied the oar as if unhurt. "There," she said, and gave him her kerchief. He shook his head, and rowed on. Finally she got up, came near him, and bound the cloth tightly over the deep wound. Then, notwithstanding his resistance, she took the oar out of his hand, but without looking at him, and, keeping her eyes fixed on the blood-stained wood, propelled the boat with rapid strokes. They were both pale and silent. When they neared the shore, fishermen who were about to cast their nets for the night met them. They shouted to Antonio, and teased Laurella; neither moved an eyelid nor spoke a word.

The sun stood high over Procida when they landed. Laurella shook out her skirt, which was nearly dry, and jumped ashore. The old spinning-woman who had watched them depart in the morning stood on the roof again. "What is the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down. "Christ, but the boat is full of blood!"

"It's nothing, godmother," the young fellow answered. "I tore my hand against a nail which stuck out too far. It will be well by to-morrow. Only this blood of mine that is so quick to start makes it seem worse than it is."

"Wait a moment, little godson; let me put herbs on it."

"Do not trouble yourself, godmother. It has been done already, and to-morrow it will be over and forgotten. I have a healthy skin that soon closes again over a wound."

"*Addio*," said Laurella, and turned to the path winding up the cliff.

"Good-night!" he answered, without looking at her. Then he took his oars and baskets from the boat, and climbed up the little stone steps to his own hut.

. . . .

He was alone in his two little rooms, where he was now pacing up and down. Through the small unglazed windows the wind blew cooler than on the calm sea, and the solitude soothed him. Long he stood before a little picture of the Virgin, gazing devoutly at her halo of silver paper. But he did not think of praying. And what should he pray for, who had no hope left?

This day seemed unending. He yearned for the darkness, for he was weary, and weak from loss of blood. His hand pained him violently, and, seating himself on a little wooden stool, he undid the cloth that enwrapped it. The repressed blood gushed out again, and all about the wound his hand was swollen. He washed it carefully and cooled it in water. As he drew it forth again he could see clearly the marks of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," he said to himself; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. To-morrow I will send her back the cloth by Giuseppe. She shall not see me again." And he washed the cloth carefully, and spread it in the sun, after he had bound up his hand again as well as he might with the other and with his teeth. Then he threw himself upon his bed and closed his eyes.

The bright light of the moon and the pain in his hand awakened him from his uneasy slumber. He rose again to cool in water the throbbing of his blood, when he heard a noise. "Who is it?" he called, and opened the door. Laurella stood before him.

She entered without speaking. She threw off the shawl that had covered her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a deep breath.

"You have come to fetch your cloth," he said. "You could have saved yourself the trouble. I should have asked Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It is not on account of the cloth," she answered quickly. "I have been on the mountain to gather herbs that stop the flow of the blood. There!" And she uncovered the little basket.

"Too much trouble," he said, though without bitterness; "far too much! It's much better already, and, if it were worse, I should only have my deserts. Why do you come here at this hour? If any one should see you here—you know how they talk, empty as the talk is."

"I care for no one's talk," she said with passion. "But I wish to see your hand, and to put the herbs on it, for you can never do it with your left."

"I tell you it is unnecessary."

"Then let me see it, that I may believe you."

She grasped the unresisting hand and unbound the rag. When she saw the swelling she shuddered and cried, "Jesu, Maria!"

"It's a bit swollen," said he, "but in a night and a day it will be gone."

She shook her head. "You cannot go to sea for a week in this state."

"The day after to-morrow, surely. And if not, what does it matter?"

She fetched a basin, and, docile as a child, he let her wash the wound. Then she applied the healing herbs, which speedily relieved the burning pain, and finally she bandaged the hand with a strip of linen that she had brought with her.

When it was done, he said, "I thank you. Now, listen: if you will do me a single kindness, forget the madness that seized me to-day and all that I said and did. I don't know how it came. It was no fault of yours, and you shall never again hear anything from me to vex you."

She interrupted him. "It is I who must ask pardon of you. I might have explained everything better and not have enraged you by my sullen ways. And now that wound—"

"It was self-defense, and high time to bring me back to my senses. And then, it's nothing serious. Don't speak of forgiveness. You have been good to me, and I thank you. And now go home to sleep, and there—there is your cloth; you may as well take it now."

He held it out to her, but still she lingered, struggling within herself. At last she said: "You lost your jacket, too, on account of me, and I know that the money for the oranges was in it. I did not remember until afterward. I cannot replace it now. We have nothing—or if we had anything it would be mother's. But I have this silver cross which the painter put on the table for me the last time he was with us. I have not looked at it since, and do not care to have it in my box any longer. It's worth a few lire, mother said. If you were to sell it, it might make up the lost money, and, if not quite, I could earn the rest by spinning at night when mother sleeps."

"I will take nothing," he said, shortly, and pushed back the little cross that she had taken from her pocket.

"You must take it," said she. "Who knows how long the wound will keep you from earning anything? There it is; I don't wish ever to see it again."

"Then throw it into the sea."

"But it is no present; it is your just due."

"Nothing is due from you to me. If in future you meet me, do me the kindness not to look at me, that I may not think you wish to remind me of what I owe you. And now, good-night. Let this be the last word said."

He put her cloth and the cross into the basket and covered it. But when he looked up into her face he started. Great heavy drops, unheeded by her, flowed down her cheeks.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot."

"It is nothing," she said. "I must go home." She staggered to the door. A fit of weeping overcame her. She leaned her brow against the door and sobbed bitterly. Before he reached her she turned round suddenly and fell upon his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, and clung to him as a dying man does to life. "I cannot listen to your kind words that bid me go with a sin on my conscience. Beat me! trample on me! curse me! Or, if it is true that after all the evil I have done you, you still love me, take me and keep me, and do with me as you will. But do not send me away from you!" And she sobbed again and could say no more.

Silently he held her in his arms for a while. "Do I love you still?" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! Do you think that all my heart's blood flowed through that little wound? Do you not feel that throbbing in my breast, for you, for you? But if you only speak like this to try me, or because you pity me, then go, and I will forget that too. You must not think that you owe this to me because you know what I have suffered for you."

"No," she said, firmly, looking up from his shoulder with eyes that were full of tears. "I love you, and have loved you for long, but I was afraid, and tried to resist it. But now I will be different, for I cannot bear it any longer not to see you when we meet on the road. And now I will kiss you," she said, "that you may doubt no more, but say to yourself, 'She kissed me, and Laurella kisses only the man she wants for her husband.'"

She kissed him thrice, and then made her escape, saying, "Good-night, my love. Go to sleep now and let your hand heal. Do not come with me, for I am afraid of no one but yourself." And so she slipped through the door and disappeared in the shadow of the wall. But for a long while he looked out of the window and across the sea, over which the stars were trembling.

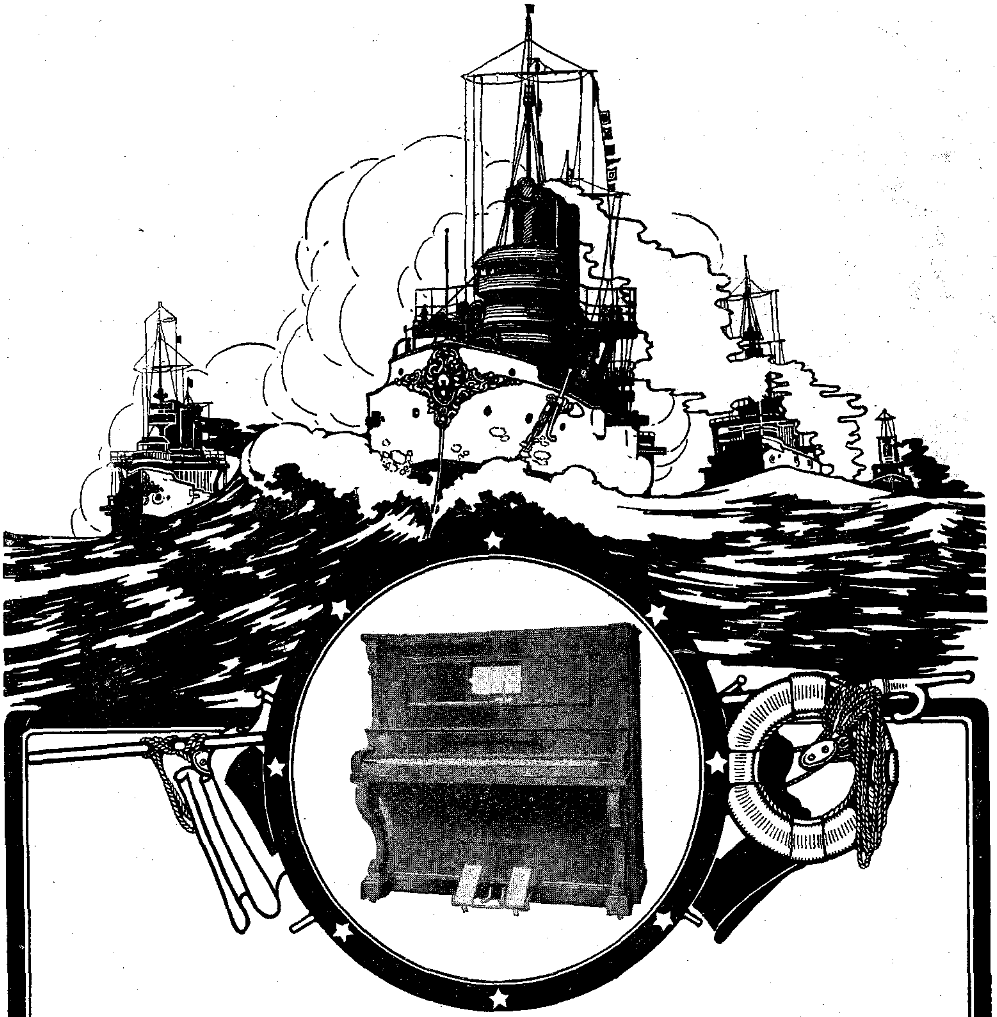
. . . .

When the little *padre curato* next came from the confessional, where Laurella had knelt before him a long time, he smiled quietly to himself. "Who would have thought," he said to himself, "that God would so soon have pity on this strange heart? And I reproached myself that I did not resist the demon of stubbornness more vigorously! But our weak eyes can discern only a little of the ways of Heaven. Well, may the Lord bless her and let me live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella's eldest born as by his father before him. Ah, to think of it—l'Arrabiata!"

THE FORERUNNER

BY EDITH HOPE KINNEY

Blow, March, with mighty winds away
The outworn things of yesterday;
Sweep through the soul, as through the earth;
And bear afar the signs of dearth,
Dead leaves, dead dreams and blighted hours;
Clear hearts and fields for coming flowers!
Blow, March, with great wings, to make room
For life to bud and love to bloom!
Take in your flight old wrongs, regrets—
Give place to hope's new violets!



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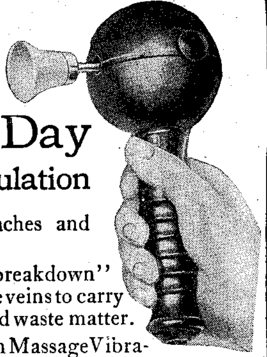

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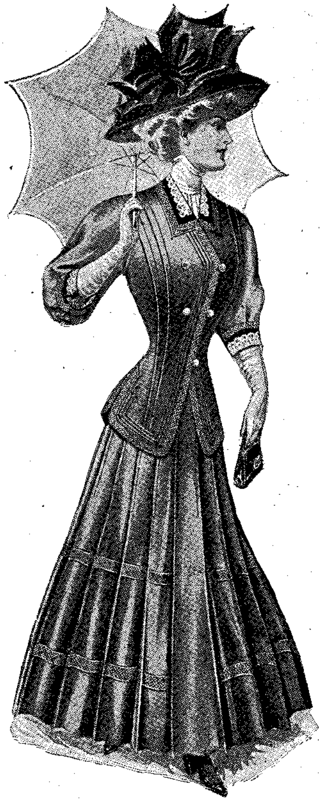

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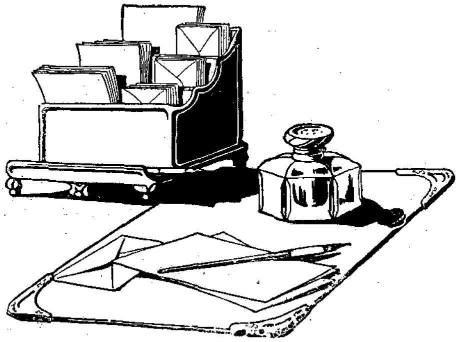

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